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THE HERALD

Published by

The Senior Class

Of the

Spencerville High Scool

Spencerville, Indiana

1916

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Pablished by

The Senior Class

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The Spencerville High School

1916



"THE HERALD"



SPENCERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

NO. 6.



DEDICATION

To the Faculty of the Spencerville High School, through whose efficient leadership this publication was made possible, we affectionately dedicate this number of the Herald.





BERTHA M. THORNBURGH
Superintendent





FORREST M. KAIN Principal

S. H. S. FACULTY



THE SENIORS

OFFICERS

President—Marie Miller.
Vice-Pres.—Donald Shook.
Sec'y and Treas.—Dewey Beaber.

COLORS—Nile Green and Pink.
FLOWER—Pink Rose.
MOTTO—"Not the end but the beginning."

CLASS ROLL

Dewey Beaber Harold Beam Marie Hull

Hull
Marie Miller
Levi MummaM
Donald Shook
Paul Wasson
Samuel Wearley
Fay Wilmot





MARIE MILLER
"My heart is fixed and my voice
is seldom heard."

Marie came to us from Auburn, entering the Sophomore class in 1913. She has proven an excellent student, and has done good work as society editor of the Herald. In spit of her unusual cheerfulness and gaiety she has made many friends among us.



DONALD SHOOK

"For without me ye can do nothing."

Don is always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, and can be depended upon when any form of activity is proposed for the betterment of the school. As an athlete he has helped win many victories for S. H. S.



DEWEY BEABER

"I have applied my heart unto every work."

For four years a faithful conscientious student. As Editor-inchief of the Herald, he has fought a good fight and won. His loyal efficient work has won him the friendship and respect of both students and faculty.





HAROLD BEAM

"Oh, that my words were now written,

Oh. that they were printed in a , book!"

To the casual observer Harold seems to be a dreamer with few interests in common with everyday mortals, but on closer acquaintance he proves to be only a young man with ideas and ambitions all his own. He possesses a knowledge of men and books that would do credit to one of older years, yet he also has an appreciation of humour which made him an excellent Endman in the Negro Minstrel.



MARIE HULL

"She wore a psyche and he loved her (k)not."

As a student Marie's talents seem to lie in the line of Domestic Science; she has learned to fry eggs on toast, boil water at 180 degrees below zero without scorching it, and to successfully whip prunes. Her kindness and cheerfulness have made her a general favorite.



LEVI MUMMA

"If I have done well, it is that which I desired."

Levi came to us from Leesburg, Ohio, entering the Senior class in September, 1915. He brought with him many good qualities, among them being a praise-worthy ambition to win honor, as well as hononrs. His efficient work as Business Manager of the Herald has done much for S. H. S.





"His enemies shall lick the dust."

As an athlete Paul Wasson has made good in both Basketball and Baseball, and has won honors for Spencerville. As a student he is to be commended for his perseverance and industry.



FAYE WILMOT

"He hath left a name behind him"

An athlete of no little ability, whose many works of art are worthy of praise. As a baseball pitcher he rivals even the famous Billy Sunday.



SAMUEL WEARLEY
"I am fearfully and wonderfully
made."

As Joke Editor of the Herald, Samuel has surely been in his proper element. But underneath all his foolishness is a goodly share of common sense, which makes him an excellent student, during those rare moments when he feels the spirit of industry weighing upon him.



SENIOR PROPHECY

In the summer of 1930 while I was traveling in India I happened to enter a novelty shop in Calcutta. The first thing that drew my attention was a sign which said that all questions of the past, present, or future would be answered. To be sure I was very curious concerning this sign and asked the keeper the particulars. He led me into an underground room. A small light burned in a niche in the wall of the room. The keeper then built a fire in a hollow in the floor, extinguished the only lamp burning and bade me ask any question of the past, present or future. Naturally my first question was "Where are my classmates of Spencerville High School?" The keeper threw a substance into the fire that made a dense smoke. Finally before my very eyes was the most wonderful sight.

The scene was in the city of Philadelphia, where in front of a building was the sign, "Wilmot Art Studio." As it chang-

ed to the interior of the building, I saw the many productions of the artist. Looking a little more closely I noticed the artist in the back of the room at work and recognized him to be no other than my dear old friend, Faye Wilmot.

As this scene faded I saw another. It was a low valley where a slow train was creeping along, and as it passed, I noticed in one of the windows a gentleman, seemingly taking life easy, our Paul Wasson.

I closed my eyes for a moment and when I opened them again, I saw a large school building. The scene immediately changed to the interior. A Domestic Science kitchen was shown. In the midst of many young students I saw Marie Hull, who was superintending the work of the girls. Before the picture faded a young man entered the kitchen. To my great surprise I recognized the man to be a graduate of S. H. S. Probably he had graduated a year or so later. I have heard



since that Marie and this young gentleman are running the Manual Training and Domestic Science departments in this school.

Again I saw a different scene. A tractor was being tested in a large field. As it neared one side of the field, Don Shook came up and adjusted some part of it for the driver. Don had become the head tester in the Ford Tractor Factory.

My gaze then fell on another picture. The scene was in a large court room. A great trial was pending. And there was Harold Beam pleading this case.

The scene changed again and I saw a grand opera in New York City. The audience was applauding enthusiastically. The curtain went up again and who should appear upon the stage but my old friend Samuel Wearley, acting as star comedian.

The scene that next came to my view was at Cambridge, Mass., the home of Harvard University. In the interior of one of the buildings of this great university I saw Dewey Beaber conducting a large Latin class composed of pupils of all nationalities.

I next observed a grand marble mansion in the city of Washington, D. C. Descending the steps with two large yellow banners bearing the words, "Votes for Women" on one and "Suffragettes" on the other, came a woman whom I recognized as Marie Miller. As my gaze followed her up the street I noticed she entered a large bank. As the scene changed to the interior, a young man who had been sitting on one side of the room arose and ordered her out. She wended her way up the street to a great hall and I saw her ascend the platform within and begin to address the multitude of people. As I looked more closely I saw that the women seated on the stage were some of the High School girls that I knew when I was in S.H.S.

Just then the last spark of this wonderful fire died out. The keeper grasped my hand and led me from the room. After I had paid the keeper and thanked him for his kindness, I departed, longing to be back at S. H. S. again. Levi Mumma, '15

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1916, being in a healthy state and frame of mind, do make this our last will and testament.

To Jersey we leave all our affection for Delphia, also our admiration for fiery domes.

To Dutch we bequeath our snail-like agility, as we have confidence in his ability to faithfully preserve the same.

To Shilling we bequeath our ability to hold down the piano bench and create sound devoid of music.

To Gladis we present our shyness and good looks??? Also our seat in the assembly room and hook in the hall.

To Dale we present our tender regards for "sweet Williams" hoping that their sweetness may not be wasted on the desert air.

To Goldy we dedicate our ponies and any translations discovered, hoping they may replace her own well-worn ones; also our ability to be contrary on important subjects.

To Jean we present all our tickets to lecture courses, hoping she may find time to attend.

To Shylock Hirsch we bequeath our stock of salt pork, and ten dollars to squeeze until the eagle squawks "I'm going home to fly no more."

To Bowser we give all our pugilistic attainments, knowing he will take good care of the same.

To Joe we donate our class stock of ambition powders and the remainder of our burnt cork.

To Grace we donate the 100's we have made in dep-ort

ment, as we are leaving town and have no further use for them.

To Karl we bequeath all our interest in the chicken business, knowing that he will take good care of it.

To Leone we bequeath our ability to fall down the cellar steps without cracking the cement.

To Lola we present a copy of our class song, "I Wonder Who's Next in Your Heart."

To Delphia Beam we lovingly present our class cradle so that she need no longer be Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

To Eva we bequeath Dewey's long straying affections, knowing that history repeats itself.

To Delphia Coburn we bequeath Marie Miller's solemnity that she may profit thereby.

To Joe we leave Sam's wit and follishness that he may hereafter see the joke.

To Ralph Palmer we bequeath Marie Hull, knowing that he will get her anyway.

To Lanky we bequeath Faye's artistic ability, that Art in Indiana may not decay and perish from the earth.

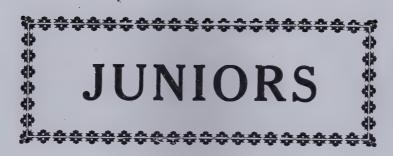
To Mike we leave Paul Wasson's athletic ability, that he may play in the National League in 1920.

To Della Goings we bequeath Harold Beam's slouch, that she may possess one element of grace.

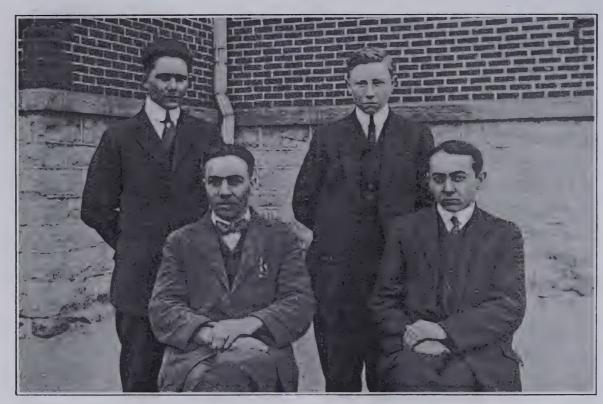
To Germany Miller we bequeath Donald Shook's punctuality, that he may keep up with the times.

To Roy Bowser we regretfully relinquish Levi's tenor voice, knowing that music hath charms to soothe the savage ear.









THE JUNIORS



THE JUNIORS

In the Freshman Class of 1913-14 there were only five members, as it was an odd year. The class consisted of four boys and one girl. Lena Kelley was the star of the Freshman Latin Class, where she soon learned the translation of amo and all its derivatives. Howard Shilling was the star in English, reciting when he could, and letting it slide the rest of the time. Wellington Miller, though an exceedingly bashful fellow, has also staid with the class for three years. Clarence White and Harold More came only a short time, preferring, like Abe Lincoln, to be railsplitters rather than the presidents of Yale and Oxford. In the Sophomore year, Lena Kelley did not return, but Cecil Hollepeter entered, coming from Harlan High School. During the present year Bluffton contributed to our ranks Ralph Palmer, who is distinguishing himself as our class poet.



History Auf die Juniors, Who Am at Present.

Die Juniors who am at present,
First commenced in as a Freshie,
Und der gut part about it vas,

Nieder one auf dem vas fleshie.

Der start auf High School life Included mit der aggrevation,

Consisted of only chust five,
Who vas all in der congregation.

Der vas Wellington Miller and Howard Shilling Mit Lena Kelley. Dat er Harold More

Und Clarence White both quit, Cause die tests und F.'s made 'em sore.

Ah, ha, now two vas gone,

Und den dat left only three
To keep up der vim und der ginger,

But, den, they did it, belief me.

In der next to come Yahr

Der Klass in size vas fair

But Cecil Hollopeter proved fatal

But Cecil Hollopeter proved fatal Cause dot 'er dude had red hair.

Der Klass dies yehr vas Sophs,
Und it numbered up to six,
And ebry dings went fine

Till Clarence und Harold said "Nix."

To our imagination gives der impression mit der sensation, Auf constipation n our abdominalnation,

By der investigation auf Miss Thornburgh In der examinations, which covers der whole creation.

When der class vas a two yearling,
Die boys played hooky and you could tell
Dey all went fishin' togedder, on die same day
Und auf die Grade Kards they got H—

They started at der bottom to go die hill up, Und der ponies had an awful stiff back, But they all mit die burdens und arms on die shoulders, Jumped stiff-legged right into der hack.

They started from Sophs up to be Juniors
Und I say der pony did pull,
Put von day reached to der oud ouf der st

But ven dey reached to der end auf der string, Dey certainly all vas some full.

In der start auf die third yahre
There vas in der klass only three
Who vas to climb der ladder und build,
But later another arose, don't you see.

In our school work we are great
Und our grade cards stands up fine,
So, see, we're just as important

So, see, we're just as important

As die Seniors, whose number ist nine.

Ach, look zu der rest auf der klasses
Und ich tell ye, you will find
Dat der Juniors are all in front
Und die rest bring up der behind.

We get inzu mischief sometimes
Und go clear in zu der knees,
But wir pull und pull, till she comes,
Or wir break der single-trees.

Der best dings wir like zu do
Is ter watch der girls when cooking

For they alles gives us a piece Only when Miss Thornburgh is looking.

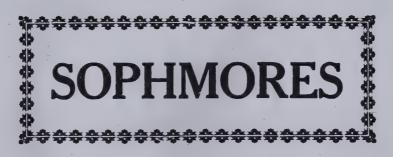
Die Seniors und Sophs are sehr week-comers, Und die Freshmans are green as die grass,

So nicht quite all die simple ginks. Sind in der Junior klass.

We're not like die Seniors
Who am petted like a pup,
But we're goin' a build our ladder,
Den we're goin' a climb right up.

A Poet.









THE SOPHOMORES



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO—Non culmine, sed ascentes.

(Not at the top, but climbing.)

COLORS—Lavender and Green.

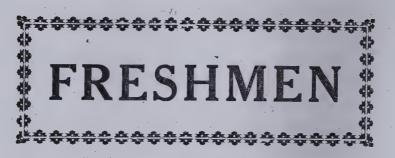
FLOWER—Red Rose.

In the beginning of the term of nineteen hundred fourteen and fifteen, under the instruction of Mr. O. W. Nicely and Miss Bertha Thornburg, the Sophomore class, then the Freshmen, had as its members twelve students. In about three or four weeks three members left. These were Harold Moore, Clarence White and Helen Place. About the same time Abbie McCrory entered. A few weeks before Christmas Ensor Conine, on account of illness was compelled to give up the rest of that year's enducation. The class kept the nine members the remainder of the term.

In the beginning of the Sophomore year, under the instruction of Miss Bertha M. Thornburg and Mr. F. M. Kain, there were but six members left. Those absent were Berniece Peters, Abbie McCrory and Agnes Shull. Harry Hirsch started to take the Freshman year but having taken six months work in the Cleveland High School, he was able to take the work of the second year. In March Loretta Funk was compelled to give up her education. Now there are but five original members. These are Walter Silberg, Dale Shull, Goldy Hulle, Gladis Watson and Delphia Coburn. The class was recently organized with the following officers:

President—Dale Shull.
Vise-President—Delphia Coburn.
Secretary and Treasurer—Goldy Hulle.

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THE FRESHMEN



THE FRESHMEN

These are the Freshmen of whom you have heard so much in the earlier issues of the Herald. We are the ones over whom you have had many a laugh. Having been greatly perplexed by the tremendous problem of writing a Freshman Class History, the writer consulted our doctor of medicine, doctor of laws general historian, philasophist, walking dictionary, and general human encyclopedia et cetera, namely, Miss Thornburgh, concerning the matter and was informed that the Freshmen were entirely too young to have a history; and that this article might more properly deal with the hopes, aims and aspirations of the class.

One of our noblest ambitions, or shall I say the only noble one we have, is to conquer in all lines of Athletics and crown S. H. S. the champion and king o'er all.

It is also an aim of ours that games, plays, literary duties, official duties, imaginary duties and all functions of whatever sort happens during the week; that they be at least five in number weekly; and that we be thus delvered from the tyrannical, all-powerful and absolute rule of our teachers and monarchs. "Taxation without representation is treason." There-



fore down with the tyrants. Let the common people rule.

We would like when we graduate to come before all those gone before with clear records (clear to the bottom) and be able to say that we have beaten them in everything; that we have learned how to have a toothache, earache, backache, heartache, sick mother, friend or other relative in order that we might go fishing (for many other things besides fish); how to play truant every other day and yet pass (through the doors); that we have beaten them in our deportment; that whereas they made from 85 to 98, we made the whole scale; that even if the teacher held the ace we could beat him or her with a jack or a trump; and that we could make from an easy problem one incomprehensible to even the teacher himself.

These and many other aims we have. Our class is as good, as large, and as bright, as any that has gone before us. Though the Seniors may rail at our faults, they cannot demean our virtues, which are as many as the sands of the sea. We have set our ideals high. We are as hale and hearty and as ready to take a joke as any of them. So wish us good luck as we start our climb and give us a boost every now and then to cheer our lonely hearts as we plod onward to the top.

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THE EIGHTH GRADE



ALUMNI

1910-1911

Murray Erick, Springfield, Illinois. Heating Department of Railway and Light Co., Graduate Mechanical Engineering, Purdue University.

Merritt Maxwell, Principal of Corunna Schools. Clara Shull, formerly teacher; married. Gladys Nelson, married. Frankie Rohadabaugh, married. Gladys Kain, teacher, St. Joe, Indiana.

1911-1912

A. J. Place, Farmer, Hicksville, Ohio.
W. A. Goings, Farmer, Spencerville.
Fred Steward, Spencerville Elevator.
Ernest Steward, Spencerville, Agent for Overland Automobile.
George Poice, Bloomington, Student at Indiana University.
Paul Curie, St. Joe, employed in Implement Store.
Bessie Kinsey, teacher, Concord township.
Ida Reed, teacher, Butler Township.
Iva Zehner, Spencerville; married.
Charlotte Miller, teacher Jackson Township.

1912-1913

W. Beeks Erick, Spenrcerville, employment of father. Ruth Essig, teacher, Jackson Township. Ruth Gratz, teacher, Jackson Township. George Hort, Farmer, Spencerville.

Leila Horn, Spencerville; married.

John B. House, Spencerville, Painter and paper hanger.

Forrest Kain, teacher, Spencerville High School.

Mude Platter, teacher, Newville Center.

Stanley Shutt, Graduate Ft. Business College; Bookkeeper

Domning Bakery, Ft. Wayne.

1913-1914

Walter Coburn, teacher, Iowa.
Olive Jackson, At Home, Hicksville, Ohio.
Howard Pervine, teacher, Spencerville.
Merwin Place, Farmer, St. Joe.
Hubert Shook, Medical Student, Wittenberg College.
Mark Shull, teacher 7th and 8th grades, Spencerville.
Gertrude Shutt, Clerk, Spencerville Postoffice.
Hazel Steward, At Home, Spencerville.
LeAnna Wearley, At Home, Spencerville.
1914-1915

Gladys Conine, Angola, Student at Tri1State Normal. Ethel Shutt, At Home, Spencerville.

Mark Tyndall, Fort Wayne Electric Works.

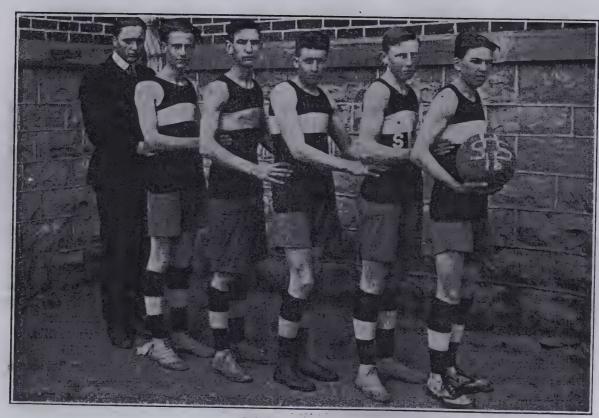
Violette Tyndall, At Home, Spencerville.

Herman Miller, Fort Wayne Box Factory.

Ethel Soule, At Home, Spencerville.

Ethel Soule, At Home, Spencerville. Herbert Ginther, At Home, prospective teacher.





BASKET BALL TEAM



ATHLETICS

Howard Shilling, '17.

As the school year draws to a close and our thoughts are led in another direction, we are proud of the athletic spirit which has been shown throughout the past season.

The basket-ball five did excellent work from the beginning to the end. At the first of the season they were greatly hindered on account of the lack of a hall. Few games were then played as most of the teams would much rather play on a floor than on the ground. At this time also the team was not well organized which did not give them the speed in a game or the power to pass the ball quickly.

As the weather became colder the team was compelled to seek some inside floor. They finally succeeded in securing the town hall. After this the boys had more of a chance to practice.

About this time when the team was just getting in good shape to do something, the epidemic of measles came as a great hindrance and surprise. Everything was quarantined; the school, town, township, and every entertainment. This put a sudden stop to the basket ball world. Almost all the members of the team took this disease.

This lasted for about three weeks; but even then the boys were not able to get down to good team work. Basket-ball after this really did not have the snap and vigor that it had formerly had although several games were played.

Tennis was taken up last fall for the first time. In every respect this game proved to be a grand success. At first the game was new to most of us although a few knew the rules and regulations. Every person seemed willing to learn and as we soon found that one court was not enough to accommodate all the players, another court was formed. No games with other schools were played.

Base-ball seems to be the leading game at present, but last fall it was not carried on very extensively. In this game it is



not as hard to gather together a team as in some of the other games as most all the boys are practiced to some extent. Some very good talent has been shown in the way of pitching and catching. Here a player has an opportunity to form good judgment as every one knows who has played to some extent. Although the base-ball team has much more room for improvement, if they keep up the spirit that has already been shown, they have a bright future before them.

The girls have not been idle in athletics. If ranked according to the amount of spirit shown, they should be placed at the first of the list. A great number of us boys, if we should come right down and apply the force and eagerness that they have shown in their Indian Club swinging and exercises, would get along a great deal better in the athletic world. At first it was very seldom any one else but themselves saw them in their exercises but later as they improved they were even proud to

show their skill. At the present they need not take a back seat or try to be unseen by any one. They have the right to receive praise for the development shown and their teacher should share equally in these praiss.

A track meet has been talked of this spring but it is not known definitely yet whether this will be held or not. From the Athletic view point this would be a very wise move. Not only would each person who partook in this meet, be benefitted but it would bring us before the other schools and also before the public, showing what athletic material we have.

As to the Athletic Association as a whole, at the close of this season, we are proud to announce our great success in every way. Although each player has shown his good spirit and helped in the way he saw best, there have been many places for improvement. Let us then try to make the next season even more successful.

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Following is the ket -ball played by		of a few games of bas-	Leo: -	LINE UP	Spencerville
Spencerville	LINE UP	Hamilton	Hosler Amstutz Slanttler	e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e	Shook Palmer-Holopeter Kline
Wearley Shook Kline Wasson	Forward Center Guard	Kepler Baker Sewell	Crider Atkins	o, 5; Spencerville, 1	Wasson Wearley 0; Second Half—Leo,
Wilmot First Half	Guard SCORE Second Half	Total	8; Spencerville, 4. Goldsmith. Umpir	e, Kain.	ncerville, 14. Referee,
Hamilton 18 Spencerville 2	15 19 LINE UP	33 21	Hicksville Longsworth	\mathbf{F}	S. H. S. Shook
Spencerville Hollopeter Shook	Forwards Forwards	Harlan Eagre Moore	Pugh Sieberts James	F C G	Miller Palmer Wearley
Kline Wearley Wasson	Center Guards Guards	Lampy Gorvell Smith	Hicksville 10	G SCORE Referee, Armstrong	
Referee—	-House Umpire- SCORE	-Goldsmith	Spencerville (18) Baker Palmer	F · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Harlan (19) Frye Moore
Harlan Spencerville	1st Half 2nd Ha 8 6 14 5	14 19	Davis Wearley Vanziles	C G G	Lampy Applegate Smith





DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS



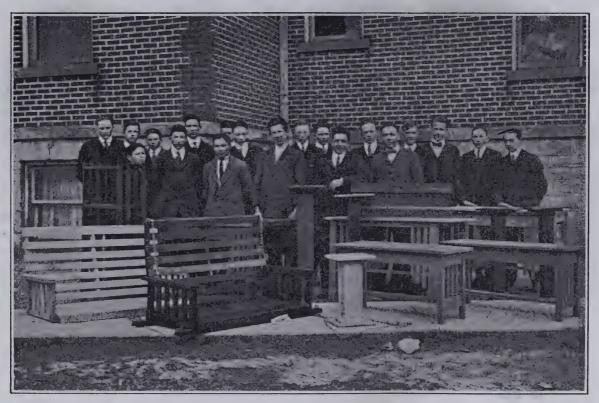
DOMESTIC SCIENCE

In February, 1915, Domestic Science Equipment was placed in the Spencerville High School. The girls at once became enthusiastic about being able to put into practice the principles they had already learned. Interest has grown, and the work has proven profitable as well as interesting.

The course in cooking has included classes of foods and their purposes, a study of nutrients, experiments to show the composition of foods, planning of balanced means, methods of cooking, preparation of beverages, vegetables, meats, doughs and batters.

The course in sewing has included practice stitches, study of vegetable and animal fibers, study of textiles, pattern drafting, and making of simple garments.





MANUAL TRAINING CLASS



MANUAL TRAINING

Probably no other subject in the high school curriculum is so complexing to the teacher in the small high school than that of Manual Training. The main reason for this is that as a manual training teacher he must also devote part of his time to some other line of work. Thus he is unable to be present with his class all the time.

Still under these difficulties we feel that the department in To the high school boy the value of his training cannot be To theh igh school boy the value of this training cannot be very well estimated. It stands to reason that all of us will not be professional men. Then why train all for that line of work? The boy in the smaller town or on the farm should become competent in the use of tools. So that when there is some repair work to be done he will not have to send to town

for a carpenter but may be able to do this himself.

The question arises, What should a good course embody? If it were possible to give a full four year course, we should begin with wood working and finish in steel working. As it is we may only give the wood working and study the statistics on other trades. Cement mixing, plumbing, blacksmithing, carpentering, etc., should be studied to a great extent.

In the projects in wood working taken up this winter we have tried to make only such projects as are useful to the community. It is simply a waste of time to set a boy at work on something that cannot be made use of in the home or on the farm. The work next year we hope will be even better than the past. So boys, if you are contemplating to go to high school it is to your own interest to choose the one where you can get the BEST along the lines of Vocational Education.



THE HERALD

SPECIAL COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

Published Monthly
By Spencerville High School
Subscription Price 50c per year,
Special Commencement Number 25c.

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LITERARY

WHEN THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN

Jean Mumma, '19.

Along the banks of a beautiful river lies the little country village of Sleepy Town. The people are busy at home and never get away very often to see the wonderful things which are taking place in the outside world. Therefore when the news came that the circus was coming to town, everybody was enthusiastic. The wonderful "Sells' Brothers Big Show" was not to be missed. Old and young were eager to be present at all the performances. It was to be a great event in their lives.

Gaily colored posters were put up in every place where passers-by could see. For weeks past, the people had stood with open mouths, before those posters, gazing at Madame Pemberton, sailing through the air in a big red auto as she made the "world renowned leap for life." Also there was the wonderful Jones family, whose father could carry an elephant in one hand and his daughter in the other. There were eight men and women all swinging from one trapeze and a few lions and tigers flying through the air, hissing and growling, while monkeys and small dogs were put in any convenient place in the picture. What wonderful feats were to be performed!

In one of the small cottages of Sleepy Town lived Mother and Father Smith with three small boys. They of course were wild with excitement and James, who was the oldest, easily led the others to believe wonderful things concerning the show.

Finally the day dawned clear and bright as all circus days should. The world was waking earlier than usual this morning for the chores must be done and out of the way. The three boys were up at daybreak. What would be more fun to a boy than to see the circus unload? Before breakfast they started

in order to be there in time. Of course they were not hungry today.

Everything was astir. The neighboring people were out! doing the chores, so as not to miss the circus. Mrs. Smith, being a quiet woman did not care to go to the show grounds, but would rather sit on the porch to watch the people go by. So as soon as she had finished her work, she took her place on the front porch.

People were passing in all sorts of vehicles; in spring wagons, buggies, farm wagons and even on horses they were going. All the country people were there and most of those in town were walking past. Everything was full of enthusiasm.

When most of the traffic was past, from a distance came the sounds of the show ground. A man was calling out, "This way to get your tickets, Hurry, Hurry," and then another started a yell for the side show, "See the snake charmer, only a dime, ten cents, this way, just beginning, just commencing, don't miss it!" A band of negro minstrels was shricking Kentucky lullabies. Mingled with these sound Mrs. Smith heard the calls of the peanut vender and the men at the lemonade stand.

At noon the Smith boys rushed home all out of breath. As James burst through the door, he showed the yellow tickets in their pockets and cried, "Oh, mother, see! a man said to us, 'Hey, kids, wanter job ter git inter the show?" and we said 'You bet!" and we carried water for the elephant and the man gave us each a ticket to get in and we are going to go this afternoon to see everything, ain twe?" The boys were so excited, they could say no more, but bolted their dinner and were off again to the show ground.



All afternoon Mrs. Smith sat on her porch, silently sewing. It was very still for everybody was at the circus. It seemed excessively hot to her. There was no breeze. Slowly the shadows began to lengthen and the evening came. But there were no boys in sight. At last as it grew darker and still the boys did not appear, Mrs. Smith went out to do the chores and to give the patient cow an extra supper, for she knew that on the next day the poor cow would have to play elephant while the boys played clown.

GATHERING SAP

Dale Shull, '18.

"Oh, May, let's tap some trees and have maple sugar," said Richard one evening to his five year old sister as he came home from school. "Mother said when she was a little girl they made the spiles out of elder branches; we can do that, too, and when cousin John comes to spend his vacation with us, we will have a boiling down."

Richard's sister heartily agreed and the next morning before school Richard hurried to the woods to gather elders for making the spiles.

He had no difficulty in getting the elders and was soon back to the wood-shed hard at work.

Making the spiles was not so easy for some of them would break, and some he had difficulty in getting the pith out, but before eight o'clock he had neatly finished six, which he thought would be enough. These being finished he was off to school.

"Hurry home," said May, as he ran through the gate.

All day May watched wistfully for Richard's return. She carried in the kindling and wood so Richard would not be de-

layed. About four o'clock he reached home and had not yet forgotten about tapping the trees.

Mother lent them some of her jars and pans to catch the sap in and father let them use the auger, cautioning them to be sure to bring it back.

Now they were all ready to go.

"But what trees are you going to tap?" asked mother.

"Those three in the wheat field, the two on the big hill and one in the front yard."

"I think that will be all you can take care of" said mother, "do not stay out until after dark."

The ground was thawing and the fields were very soft so that the children had some difficulty in getting across the field; but after stopping several times to put on their overshoes, which would pull off, they succeeded in getting across.

They soon had the trees tapped and returned to the house.

Day after day they gathered their sap and were looking forward eagerly to their cousin John's spending his vacation with them.

On the day of his arrival the children with their mother's aid built a fire in the orehard and suspended the sap in the big copper kettle over this.

They took great pleasure in keeping the fire up. By evening the taffy was done.

After dark they all gathered around the fire and enjoyed the taffy along with popcorn and apples which mother provided.

That evening when they went to the house cousin John said that he had had a fine time, but when he came again he was coming in time to help them gather the sap.



CARRINGTON'S AWAKENING

Goldy Hull, '18.

George Carrington, a large pleasant-faced man, came home one night from his work in an uptown office, in a very bad humor. He threw his coat and hat on a chair, sat down at the window and looked out for a long time, without the usual pleasant word or smile for his wife. For the past six years, since his marriage he had been very happy in his home and enjoyed his work. Tonight, for the first time, his wife had noticed his indifference. When his little four year old girl came up to him and spoke to him, he pushed her impatiently away. As soon as his supper was finished, he went away, replying impatiently to his wife's query as to where he was going.

He went to the office again and worked until ten o'clock. As time went on, he seemed changed, and some nights he did not come home until twelve. The work at the office, apparently, was becoming heavier, and required more of his time.

He neglected his wife and daughter more and more. His wife said nothing, hoping that things would change, and that he would be like his former self again, but she found that after a year had passed and he was still the same, she could stand it no longer. She decided that she would tell him when he came home, to choose between her and his work.

That night when he came home, he was in a worse state of mind than she had ever seen him. As he came in at the door, Helen, his little daughter, came running up to him, to show him her cat, a recently acquired possession. But he pushed her aside and the child began to cry, telling her mother that he had not been good to her for a long time.

After they had eaten their supper in silence, Carrington put on his hat and coat, preparing to leave the house. His wife called him back, and asked him why he had so changed

toward her and Helen, and why he was so unwilling to stay at home one evening with them. He replied that she should be glad that he thought enough of them to work at night for them. He seemed to her to think more of his work than he did of her. She told him then to choose between her and his work, and he chose his work. Then he left the house.

That night after he had gone, she packed some of their clothes and taking Helen with her, went to her mother's.

When Carrington came home again the house was cold and cheerless; there was no one at the door to welcome him, no little girl to cheer him when his work tired him more than usual. His work occupied him more and more, but soon he missed the good warm meals which his wife always had ready for him when he came home.

About a year had passed now since she had gone, but he had never forgotten her. One night while on the streets he met an old friend, who wanted to talk to him. Carrington did not wish him to know what had happened at home, and suggested a show. Just around the corner was a good movingpicture house, which they entered, without even noticing what was the attraction for that night. They talked for a long time without paying much attention to the pictures. But once when Mr. Carrington looked up, he read the title, "When She Was Gone." He watched the pictures closely now; as he followed them through he became so interested that he did near the many remarks which his friend made. He slid to the very edge of the seat with his eyes fixed upon the screen, for there he saw a picture which reminded him of his own sad story. He then realized, as never before, what his wife and child had been to him. He could stay no longer; he got up and went out on the street, forgetting entirely his friend.

He walked along the street without noticing anyone. As



he went along, he reviewed the seven happy years since his marriage. Now his wife was gone. In his mind's eye he saw Helen grown up, hating her father. He thought she was so young that she would not understand, and the sooner he found them and made things right the better it would be.

As he was walking along, a little girl came running toward him and cried, "Papa!" Then she saw her mistake and ran back to her mother, who was a little way behind her. At first he had thought it was his child, but he was mistaken, as the little girl had been.

He realized then how much she had been to him. When he had come home tired with the day's work, she was always ready to cheer him with her childish sayings, and by her bright face. He wondered if she ever spoke of him or even thought of him.

He went home; the house was dark and cold. He built a fire in the fire-place and sat down before it, looking into it for a long time. When, with an effort, he at last roused himself and looked at the clock it was just one-thirty. He went to bed, but not to sleep. When he closed his eyes, Helen's face came before him. He resolved to go and find them in the morning as he now realized that he could not live longer without them.

When morning came, it was a beautiful day. He dressed quickly and started for her mother's house, where he supposed his wife and Helen were. He had not seen or heard of them since they had gone.

At last he came to the house. The little girl sitting on the porch did not see him until he was nearly opposite her, for she was crying. Just then her mother came around the corner of the house. Helen, for it was she, looked up and saw him, and ran to meet him. As he looked at her, he wondered how he had lived so long without her. Her mother came to them then,

and they decided to go back to their old home, and never be apart again.

When they reached their home the same evening, the little girl ran to every part of the house. She was so happy that she would eat no supper.

He came home now from his work at regular times and spent the evenings at home.

"WHAT IS A STORY?"

Eva Watt, 19.

In a cozy little room sat mother with two little children playing around her. All at once they asked her what a story was.

"Mother, what is a story?" asked Grace.

"Well, there are two kinds of stories, one-"

"Oh, aren't there three, mother?" interrupted Ben. "The story of the house, you know."

""Well, yes of course, but I wasn't thinking of that kind, I was thinking of a falsehood and a story told merely to amuse the hearers, and not to deceive anyone," explained mother.

"Are they both wicked?" asked Grace anxiously.

"No, my dear, a story is only wicked when you tell somebody something about another person or thing which is not true."

"And if you tell a story—a nice story that everybody knows is not true, and you don't want them to think it is true—that isn't wicked is it?" said Grace, becoming interested.

"Why, no, my dear, of course not, come up on my lap and tell me all about it," invited mother, for her mother saw something had been troubling her little daughter.

"Well, Nellie Morr said that Robinson Crusoe was wicked,



because it was all a story and it wasn't true," said Grace.

"But when you hear Ben read it to you, you know it isn't true, don't you?" asked mother.

"Yes, of course, mother," answered Grace wonderingly.

"But it was partly true, wasn't it?" asked Ben eagerly.

"Yes, the story was written just to amuse little folks (big ones, too) and not to deceive anyone."

"Then it isn't wicked to tell fairy tales, is it," cried Grace happily. "Of course I knew it wasn't or you wouldn't have let me, but I didn't think any thing about it until Nellie talked about it today."

"No, of course not, many stories are told to us to teach us a lesson. These are not supposed to be true. They are what we call fables."

"Well, Nellie said it was wicked to read and tell such stories and I said you could tell a story sometimes when we told what was really so" said Grace.

"Ha! Ha! you are getting a little mixed, aren't you, sis?" laughed Ben.

"Hush, Ben, she is not mixed. I think I know what she means," said mother.

"Why-I-don't like to tell tales," said Grace hesitating, but I do want to know what you think about it."

"It is not telling tales unless you tell it in a mean spirit to say something about someone that is not true and make people believe that it is true," explained mother.

"That's what I wanted to know, thanks," said Grace.

"I think you had better go to bed now as it is getting late, Good night," and each child kissed her good night.

A DEMONSTRATION

Howard Shilling, '17.

Mr. Jones believed that no one need ever fall down. It was pure carelessness, he said. Anyone who walked straight, and did not dawdle around was in no danger of losing his balance. He said so to Mrs. Jones many times, but she had only smiled in a provoking way. Mr. Jones had been very lucky through life. He had never fallen down but once and then no one had been present and evidently no body knew anything about it.

One bitter cold January morning he changed his mind. Everything out doors had a coating of ice. The path leading from the barn to the house was smooth as glass and slanted treacherously on either side. On one side of it was an old cellar, where the house once stood. Jones was coming from the barn, after doing the morning chores, with a pail of milk in each hand. He was just opposite the cellar when—Zip—out flew his feet and down he went on his back. The next instant he had slid in a shower of milk over the edge of the cellar hole, and landed on the bottom with a thump that fairly took away his breath.

He looked around in a dazed way for a moment, and then crawled to his feet. After making reasonably sure that none of his bones were broken, and also that no one had seen him, especially his wife, he climbed out and went limping into the house. On the way he was counciling with himself whether he should leave his wife in ignorance of what had happened or to come out and tell her everything. He finally decided on the former and did not stop to think that the empty milk pails he was carrying would show some evidence of a misfortune. Matilda, his wife was going out after a pail of water and met him at the door.



"Why, Hiram, what has happened? What makes you so pale? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, startled.

One of Hiram's neighbors had paid him a visit at the barn that morning and taking this opportunity, he said, "Bill Langdon was over to see me this morning at the barn, and came upon me so sudden that it frightened me; I suppose that is what makes me pale."

About this time Matilda saw the empty pails.

"Hiram, what have you done with that milk, this morning?"

Hiram was taken by surprise. He had not thought of that. Yes, what HAD he done with it? Would he come out and tell her about it? Yes, he saw no other way out of it.

"Yes," answered Jones. "I am somewhat hurt. I fell down that old cellarway. Come here and I'll show you."

Mrs. Jones followed her husband gingerly.

"See, Matilda," he said, as he reached the spot and turned. "I stood right here like this when—"

Once more Jones' feet flew up, and in precisely the same manner as before he landed in the bottom of the cellar.

Silence reigned while Mrs. Jones gazed at the spot where her husband had stood. Then she saw his head appearing above the top of the bank.

"Hiram," she said, "you needn't explain any further. I understand exactly how it was done."

But Hiram's answer was thoroughly ill-tempered.



A POEM

There is a delicate little boy
Who is called the "Senior Hope,"
He is always having joy
With his little tales called "Dope."

He always leaves one an impression,
By bringing out something strong
In the way of an ambiguous expression,
For you never can tell what is wrong.

In school he certainly is smart,
No one is near his equal,
Tho' if "Lanky" was given a start,
He sure would be the sequel.

This "Senior Dope" is known in town As champion of the tennis court, To see him knock those balls aroun' You'd think him sure a sport.

His name I will not mention,
But read on and you will know
For I make it my intentions
To have this poem onward go.

In his later "High School" life,
While young and in his prime,
He was put on the hunt of a wife
Leone was his, for a time.

Now the moments of his leisure
Were spent in having fun,
But one morn it wasn't such a pleasure,
And then his trouble begun.

*	

Now it came about like this,

He took her home, her pa was there,
So he gave the farewell kiss

And also took a lock of hair.

Another, whose name I will not tell
Altho' when mentioned he will say,
"Now boys, keep still—O well"
Then northward was his way.

One night, while in a chair,

He soon fell into a slumber,

The sound of his breathing in the air

Was just like sawing lumber.

Still interested in his dreams

He arose and 'round he walked,

Some fun occurred to him it seems,

Fo one could tell the way he talked.

One point I do not dare leave out
For its the climax of the story—
And of it I will tell you about
So you needn't worry.

The scheme worked out as smooth as glass, The kiss received was sweet as vanilla, But when he started to squeeze—alas!

It was nothing more than a pillow.

He said, "I'll get even Gosh Ding!"

And of this young maiden fair

He took a ring

Instead of a lock of hair.

"I'll sure will get to go back by Heck!"

Were the words he murmured one day,
But the way he received it in the neck,
Now northward isn't his way.

And with intentions of a lad

He said, "I'll keep this ring to remember
When I met her and was glad
On that night of last December."

As time passed on, he was heard repeating, "Oh Opal! My Opal! Wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not do the washing

Nor feed the calves or swine.

Thou shalt not sit in a Ford Jitney
But we'll walk for years to come,
And if the Lord stays with us
He will be going some.

ec.			
		,	

What would the people say—IF

Marie Miller wouldn't wear a frown.

The freshies weren't always sticking around.

Mr. Kain did allow you to sleep in class.

The Seniors were all sure they would pass.

Beams would get here in time every day.

Delphia didn't have something to say.

All the boys worked in M. T.

The faculty wasn't always complaining.

The sophomores weren't out half the time.

The juniors would ever decide to climb.

All of us gained what we sought, And do just what we know we ought,

Just what the teachers all have taught.

Dewey would forget to go to Newville.

Seniors would study once every hour.

The freshies didn't look so green.

The scholars the faculty's goat could wean.

Everybody were quiet when they marched up stairs.

Rube's head had more than two or three hairs.

Lanky had his necktie on wrong. Walter would have his Caesar lesson.

Dewey would ever play ball. Everyone would stay out of the hall.

Paul Wasson would sing.
The bell wouldn't ever ring.
Marie Hull had black hair.
Delphia Beam didn't stare.
Roy Bowser was tall.

Mr. Kain would maul the Seniors.

Gladis Watson didn't smile so sublime.

Rube's Ingersol kept good time. Marie Miller wasn't the center of social whirl????

Mr. Kain had a patent on his new laugh.

If Rube didn't wink left handed.

If the Juniors were sure they were Seniors would be.

In fact there are so many if's in our school,

That it is some trouble for the faculty to rule,

In fact we could go on with this all day,

And still, when we're through have plenty to say.

We Wonder.

They gave Columbus three schooners and he discovered America. What would he have done if he had had a keg?

ASK

Mr. Kain who ate the baked beans in the domestic science room.

- 2. Dewey what her sister said.
- 3. Sam what her mother said.
- 4. Lolo how one can be attractive.
- 5. Harold B. how to eatch water dogs.
- 6. Rube if he has to sit up with Estel any more.
- 7. Marie Miller where fish worms come from.
- 8. Miss T. if she is still angry about the baked beans.
- 9. Mr. Kain if he still has to rock the freshman's cradle.
- 10. Hirsh, what relation he is to Shylock.
- 11. Dale if she stayed at home Sat. eve.
- 12. Leone, if she hurt the cement when she fell down stairs.
- 13. Dewey if he is still sore at the guy from Milford.
- 14. Beam if he is still engaged.
- 15. Dewey and Don how much ado they got into at Garrett.
 - 16. Palmer about the twins.

"Perhaps"

The reason some men go home at night is the pleasure it gives them to go away the next morning.





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J. M. BEAMS

Spencerville,

Indiana

Dale—I smell smoke.

Dewey—Yes, that's the little

spark of love still burning.

* * *

Dutch to Rube—Have a smoke. Rube—Nope, I don't smoke.

Dutch—Huh! you might just as well smoke here as hereafter.

* * *

The other morning Della Goings came to school all togged out in a new calico hair ribbon.

P. S. By the way, she had on other clothes besides the hair ribbon.

Mrs. Bowser: Roy, I haven't heard you say anything about deportment.

Roy: Well, I am not taking that this year.

K K K

Delphia, who had been singing —I suppose you are a lover of good music.

Howard—Oh, yes, but you may keep on singing.

Bobby—Why are there so many school teachers?

Pa—It is because leap year only comes every four years.

Miss T.—Harry you may decline this word.

Harry-I do.

Miss T.—Do what?

Harry—Decline.

8 8 X

Smith—Where have you been?

Jones—I had to go south for my lumbago.

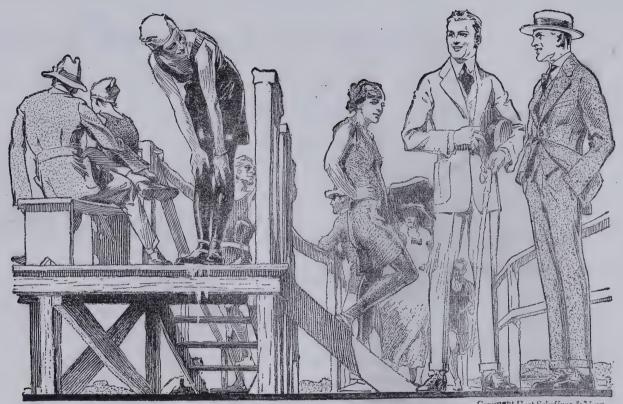
Smith—Gee, I got mine at home.

25 25 25

Kain—I am tempted to give this class a test.

Sam (solemnly)—Yield not to temptation.

	N.		,	



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We sell them.

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You may be 20 or 50, You may be tall or short, You may be stout or thin, You may be radical or conservative. In your ideas about dress. It doesn't matter.

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Auburn, Indiana.

GET IT AT

-FOR

The E. L. Bowser Store

-FI

Auburn, Ind.

There was an old maid in Peru
Who thirty-one languages knew,
With her one pair of lungs,
She worked thirty-one tongues,
I don't wonder she's single do
you?

25 26 26

Lanky and Harold had been fighting.

Mr. Kain—Here Lanky you must not hit a boy when he's down.

Lanky—Gwan! what do you think I went to the trouble to get him down for.

A man and a girl and a car, A hill and a hole and a jar.

A funeral (sad tale)

A junk heap (a sale)

And now the wind whistles softly afar.

K K K

Lady—I guess you are getting a good thing out of tendin' the rich Smith boy ain't ye's Doctor?

Doc—I get a pretty good fee, why?

Lady—Well I hope you won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that hit him.

Miss Thornburg, deciding wether there should be one or two entertainments—Now that the final exam is coming I think we'll have to drop one.

Sam—Why not drop the final exam.

K K K

There was a young woman named Hannah

Who slipped on a peel of banana, More stars she espied As she lay on her side

Than are found in the Star Spangled Banner.



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A wonderful, new 100 candle power table lamp. A very beautiful highly polished lamp. This lamp will burn over 60 hours on one gallon cheapest kerosene. A 100 candle power light 6 hours for 1 cent. Six times as bright as an ordinary lamp at one-sixth the cost. Six times as bright as electricity at one-tenth the cost.

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Hicksville, Ohio

Pat and Mike had taken a job washing windows. Finally they got a board and stuck it through the window, Pat sitting on the inside and Mike on the outside. Pat got up to get a pail of water and down went Mike. Pat hurried down to find Mike lying in a heap, while the police stood over him and said, Well, Pat he's dead.

Pat—It can't be, I saw him wink.

Mike (aside)—Shut up you dumb fool. I'll get the insurance and give you half.

K K K

She—How do you stand in regard to the war.

He—Oh! I'm neutral, I don't care who licks Germany.

Father—My son, why did you fail on your exams?

Sam—They asked me questions that were beyond my seatmate's depth.

15 R R

Lady to tramp—This is the last crust of bread, I'll give it to you for God's sake.

Tramp—Can't you put a little butter on it for Christ's sake?

7, 7, 7,

First Tramp—After all it pays to be perlite.

Second Tramp—Not always. The other day I was acting deaf and dumb and a feller gave me a quarter and says I, 'Thank yer,' and the old fool up and had me arrested.

Delphia, reading in A Tale of Two Cities—I can't get head nor tail out of this.

Dale—Don't try to get any head out of it, only the tail (tale) is in it.

20 20 20

Little Elsie had been bathing at the beach and her mother asked: Elsie, how do you like it?

Elsie—I didn't like it, I sat on a wave and went through.

K K K

Teacher to student—Are you still here?

Student—As still as possible.

* * *

Miss T.—Wellington, tell me all you know about tobacco, that is, all you got from the book.





Dr. B. O. Shook

Physician

SPENCERVILLE, IND.

Phone

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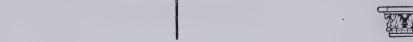
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Prof.—Now this is going to hurt me more than it does you, Roy.

Roy—Now, Prof don't talk like the Kaiser shelling a city.

32. 35, 32,

Miss Thornburg (in Geometry)
—Now Wellington, do you see it?
Wellington—Yes, but I don't see through it.

M M M

Miss T. in III and IV English—Ralph, did their ideas differ about the war.

Ralph—They certainly did or there would have been no war.

The American Kandy Kitchen

Home Made Ice Cream 365 days a year

Fountain open Winter and Summer

Hicksville, and the second sec

Ohio

F. C. Buck

Eva started It.

A green little boy in a green little way,

A green little apple ate one day.

Now the green little grasses tenderly wave,

O'er the green little boys green little grave.

* * *

Delphia, limping around most pitifully.

Gladis—What's the matter?

The casing of my shoe hurts my foot.

Office boy-Well, what do you want?

Poet—I wish to submit a poem to the editor.

Officeboy—I'm glad you have come; I couldn't get off to see the football game but this will do just as well.

P. P. P

Have you any relatives?

Yes, sir.

Which side of the house?

I don't know. The house has four rooms.



What Are You Going To Do?

If you intend to make further preparation before entering your chosen line of endeavor, the purpose of these lines is to call your attention to the opportunities which Tri-State College offers.

If you want Collegiate degrees, you can earn them at Tri-State College.

If you desire to teach, Tri-State College offers all kinds of Normal work, including Domestic Science and Art, Manual Training, Agriculture, Music and Drawing. It is ranked by the State Board as a STANDARD NORMAL.

If you want to become an Engineer, you can join the two hundred or more young men who are studying Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineering at Tri-State College.

If you like the Drug business, your attention is directed to the large number of Pharmacy Graduates of Tri-State College who have passed the State examinations with high grades and are making good in the profession.

If you intend to take a Commercial Course, Tri-State College offers the best instruction at a cost far below that charged by the ordinary Business School.

Mid-Spring Term opens April 25, 1916. Summer Term opens June 6, 1916. Next Fall Term opens Oct. 3, 1916.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

ANGOLA, - - - - INDIANA.



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You havefinished High School, the future lays before you. You have now chosen your vocation and within the nextf ew weeks you will either enter on your life's work or spend some time in specializing. Before you get far on this life journey, you'll find the one great requirement is service. The world will not ask who you are, but it will demand what can you do, what are you going to give the world as your contribution.

For ever thirty years this store has been giving service to the people of DeKalb County. To this we attribute a great measure of our success. Service in merchandise, the best goods at the lowest legitimate prices with absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Service in shopping, providing a beautiful airy store with courteous and experienced sales force to help you in selecting. Service in the community, always for the betterment of city, county, state and nation. If you want service in

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International Business College

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"The - School - With - A - National - Reputation"

We teach everything pertaining to business and fit you for the following positions:

Stenographer
Private Secretary
Expert Correspondent
Court Reporter
Newspaper Reporter
Bookkeeper
Accountant

Office Manager
Bank Cashier
Credit Man
Cost Accountant
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Fall Term Opens September 4, 1916
Catalog Free

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Player Pianos, Pianos and other Musical Merchandise

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Ohio

Commencement Gifts

Watches, Diamond Rings, Lavalliers, Bracelets, and Ivory Goods.

Specialty in Clock and Watch repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Arthur James

Chalmers, Inter-State and Saxon Automobile agency Hicksville, Ohio

Oh, come, my love, the jitney waits;

The nickle's in my purse.

My sparker snaps at all the fates, For better or for worse.

Let's jit in joy while life is June; Five coppers pay the bill.

So come and jitney 'neath the moon,

Along the low-grade hill.

While all the world is smooth as glass,

While all our tires are spry,
There's bliss in every quart of gas,
Let's hit life on the high.

So come and be my jitney queen; A nick is all my hoard.

Who cares for grief or gasoline? Come mount my trusty Ford.

-Literary Digest.

x x x

Miss Thornburgh (in Latin)— Translate "E pluribus unum."

Walter-Root, hog, or die.

M M M

Howard, driving into town, stopped and put a blanket over the radiator.

Roy—You needn't try to cover it up. We know what you've got.

"I understand you have a motor car now," said a neighbor. "Do you drive it yourself?"

"No," responded the other, "Nobody drives it. We coax it."

R R R

Miss Thornburgh (in Latin) Give me the principal parts of the word for soup.

Mike (to Harry, across the aisle) What is it?

Harry—Darnifino.

Mike — Darnifino, darnifinare, darnifinavi, darnifinatus.



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Kaye Klothing Ko.

The store that backs every purchase South Side Square AUBURN, IND.

We Can Do It

Sure we are prepared to do all of your printing at a moderate price. Don't go away for your printing needs. Just tell us.

An Advertisement Will

Bring you good results if placed in the columns of the St. Joe News. Call on us for rates. Subscription \$1.00 a year.

St. Joe News

Fred B. Leighty, Pub.

ST. JOE,

IND.

Be Sure And See

our line of Shoes and Slippers for summer wear, also complete line of Men's Work Shoes.

Complete line of furniture, Sellers Kitchneed and Dutch Kitchette Cabinets, is what every house-keeper is longing for. Come in and look them over.

Fresh Groceries each week. We solicit your patronage.

Beams & Co.

SPENCERVILLE,

INDIANA

June Birthday Emblem

There is a difference of opinion as to the proper birth emblem for June. Some hold that Agate is the emblem for this month, while others regard the Pearl as proper. We can supply either.

The beauty and value of a pearl depend on form, quality of texture or skin, color, transparency and lustre. The pearl set jewelry of our stock will afford a June birthday selection that will give most pleasure to the receiver.

We invite comparison of our showing of "quality jewelry." Look around, but come to us, sure, before you buy. We can show you what we have better than cold type can tell.

It is a pleasure to us, and will be a pleasure to you to look.

E. O. LITTLE

Auburn,

Ind.

		•		
			•	

1871 - Forty-Five Years In The Hardware Trade - 1916

If you are looking for a John Deere, Moline or McCormick Binder, Emerson and McCormick Mowers, John Deere, Emerson, Dain and Keystone Hay Loaders, Emerson, Johnson, Dain and Keystone Side Rakes, Gale, Emerson and John Deere Sulky Breaking Plows, Shunk and Bryan Walking Plows, Gale, John Deere, C. B. & Q., New Way, Superior and Emerson Corn Planters, John Deere, Gale, Emerson and Brown Corn Cultivators, John Deere two row Cultivators, New Idea Manure Spreaders, Tiffin, Brown and Studebaker Wagons, Butler Buggies, Reliance Cream Separators, Olds Gasoline Engines, Hardware and Furniture.

THE - W. - O. - HUGHES - COMPANY

Hicksville, Ohio



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FACULTY enlarged and strengthened, COURSES of Study greatly extended. EXPENSES considerably reduced.

Spring and Summer Term Announcement Now Ready

Winona Chautauqua Ticket good for Seven Weeks of exceptionally fine entertainments free to all 1916 Summer Term Students on condition made known on request.

Expenses for 12 weeks—Board, Room, Light, Tuition, Matriculation, Incidentals,, only \$48.50 on condition named in our Announcement.

Mid-Spring Term—April 17 to July 7 Summer Term—May 29 to August 18 Fall Term Opens September 18.

Winona College

Jonathan Rigdon, President.

Winona Lake, Ind.



W. G. Erick's

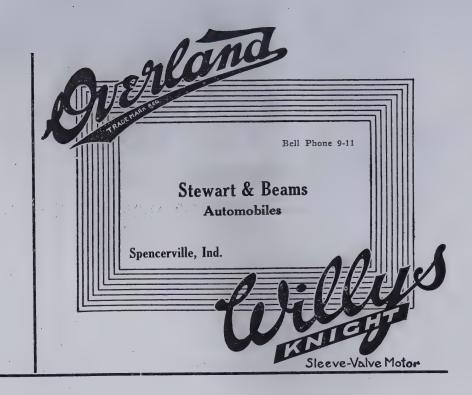
Headquarters for dry goods and groceries, hats and caps.

Highest prices paid for produce and wool.

Your patronage earnestly solicited

Give me a call

W. G. Erick Spencerville, Ind.



Making Headway.

"Making any progress toward getting acquainted with those fashionable people next door?"

"Just a little. Their cat invited our cat over to a musicale last night."

* * *

Miss Thornburgh—Karl, write a short poem on baseball.

Karl (next day)
Little drops of water
Falling from the sky
Makes a double header
Later in July.

Exterminate

"Exterminate" means that natural reflection subsiduary upon longitudinal mohise when the conspicuous generality of ideas encompass the pluasibility consequent upon the gelatinous mechination of pneumatics, during the precise admonitions of an avaraiocus duodecagon.

* * *

He (pointing out player at football game)—He'll be our best man soon.

She-Oh, James, how sudden!

The First Blow-out.

The Sunday School teacher put too her class a number of questions touching the history of the cities mentioned in the Bible.

- "What happened to Babylon?"
- "It fell," said one boy.
- "And what became of Nineveh?"
 - "It was destroyed."
 - "And what of Tyre?"
 - "Punctured?"

* * *

Lanky is combing his hair pompadour.



Eventually you will, why not now; Trade With

E. R. Kinsey

Hardware

Furniture

Undertaking

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Phones—Office No. 37-2. Residence No. 37-5

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The Patterson Garage

St. Joe, Ind. New Fireproof Building

We store, repair and wash cars

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Agents For

Ford, Chevrolet, Maxwell and Buick Cars.

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Visions are good but a real picture of the family or children will give you pleasure in after years.

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You should have the Children's picture taken on each birthday and in this way retain the memory of their youth.

Your friends can buy anything you can give them, except your Photograph.

Ever Hear Of Lion Fence?

Just unloaded a car load. We can prove its superiority.

Prices run from 20 to 50c per rod.

Steward Lumber Company

SPENCERVILLE,

INDIANA

Trusts

Speaking of trusts. There is the beef trust; they say it's a bulky thing but we should steer clear of it. They have raised the price of beef so high that a working man cannot eat meat; the nearest he can come to eating meat is oxtail soup and beef tongue; that is the only way he can make both ends meet.

20 20 20

Where Was the Other One?

The Ford agent, to demonstrate the ease of operating a Ford, was riding down the street with one leg swinging outside the car. Little Johnny, standing on the curb, spied him, and called to his mother excitedly, "Oh, mamma, look at the man going down the middle of the street with only one roller skate on!"

* * *

Lanky, coming down stairs, fell over Bowser, and called, "Look out!"

Bowser—Why, are you coming back the same way?

One evening Johnny's father took him upon his knee and asked the following question, "Son, what would become of you and mother if I should die?" Johnny promptly answered, "That's not the important thing. We would stay here, I suppose, but what would become of you?"

PE 26 36

Walter—I see that Beam has advertised for an assistant in Manual Training.

Sam—What for?
Walter—To do all the work.



There are Two Reasons Why Stafford Engravings are used in this Annual and why they should be used in Yours

The First of course, is quality. Through years of specialization, our organization has become unusually expert in half-tones, color plates, zinc etchings, and designs for college and school publications. We have the very best shop equipment and every facility for prompt production of quality work.

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THE HERALD

Published by

The Senior Class

Of the

Spencerville High School

Spencerville, Indiana 1917





DEDICATION

To the Faculty of Spencerville High School, through whose efficient leadership this publication was made possible, we affectionately dedicate this number of the Hevala.





BERTHA M. THORNBURGH
Superintendent
Anderson H. S. 1904
Indiana University 1913





FORREST M. KAIN
Principal
Spencerville H. S. 1913
Tri-State Normal 1913 to 1916





HAZEL M. STROUT
Domestic Science
Anderson H. S. 1910
Indiana University 1914





MARK B. SHULL Grammar Room Spencerville H. S. 1914 Indiana State Normal 1914-1915



HOWARD PERVINE Intermediate Spencerville II, S. 1914 Tri-State 1914-1915



CHARLOTTE MILLER
Primary
Spencerville H. S. 1912
Tri-State Normal 1912



AN APPRECIATION

We hope this issue of "The Herald" has come up to your fullest expectations. We wish to thank you for your subscriptions and patronage during the year. If you are pleased with our efforts, then think of some friends who would like to hear from old S. H. S. Get a copy from the committee and mail it to them. We thank you.

The Herald Staff.



CLASS OF 1917

OFFICERS

Wellington L. Miller, President.
Cecil F. Hollopeter, Secretary.
Howard W. Shilling, Treas.
COLORS—Dark Blue and Old Gold.
FLOWER—Yellow Rose.
MOTTO—"With the ropes of the past we ring the bells of the future."

CLASS ROLL

Wellington Miller

Cecil Hollopeter

Howard Shilling





WELLINGTON L. MILLER

President

"His works are such that none can follow."

As Editor-in-Chief of the Herald he has done his best and won.

Asan athlete he has proved himself worthy both in Baseball and Basket Ball.



CECIL F. HOLLOPETER

"Jersey"

Secretary

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

As a member of the Herald Staff Cecil has always shown his willingness to sacrifice everything to bring his department to success. In his school work he is diligent and exact. As an athlete he has always been the one bright light on the team.



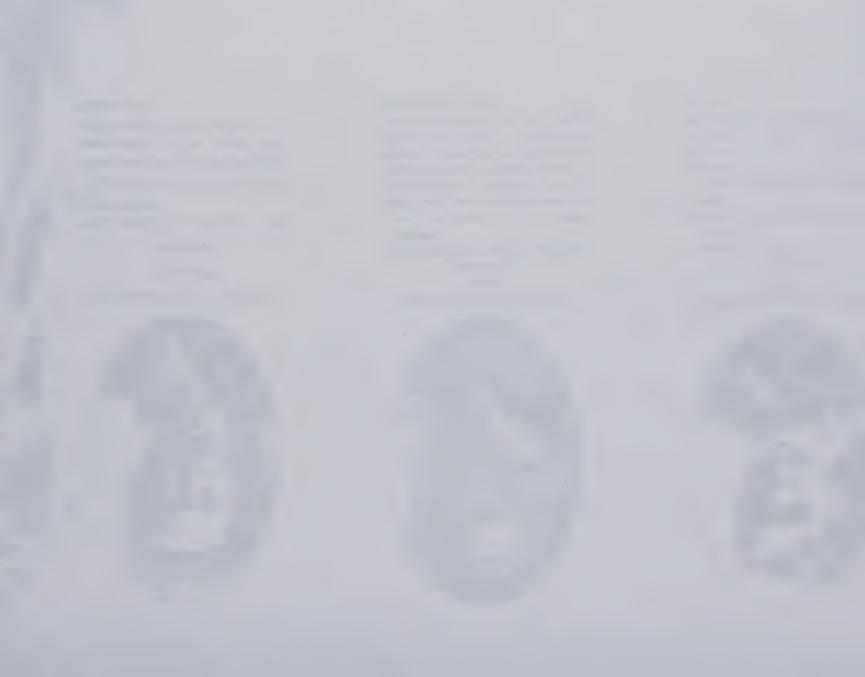
HOWARD W. SHILLING "Shillin"

Treasurer

"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was,

And yet he seemed busier than he was."

A good conscientious student, applying his heart to every work. He has also proved himself in athletics. As business manager of the Herald he has brought it to a success.



SENIOR PROPHECY

Once in my travels in Mexico in 1934 I happened to come across a friend. I decided to spend the night at his house. He was a detective trying to work out a plot against the Government of United States. We got to talking of old school days as he was a graduate of S. H. S., class of 1918.

As we were talking of this an old East Indian lady came up and asked if we wanted to buy any "Shoey." My friend told her that he did not want any so she came over and asked if I wanted to know anything. I did not understand her at first but finally I knew she meant to ask if I wanted to have my fortune told. She said she did not tell fortunes but she could answer any one question. I said all right and was going to aske her the question but she said "Come along, I must consult the gods about it" She led me to a hill and into a cave. At the opening of the cave she went into a small room and took a shawl and wrapped up in it so that I could see nothing but her

face. On this shawl was pictures of different idols, or, as they called them, "gods." As I looked at it it made me feel as if the earth was going out from under me.

Then we started in to the opening. At first it was so small that I could hardly get through but atl at once it got larger. Then I heard something like the hissing of a serpent. It was followed by a lond roar. The old lady hesitated a moment and then said, "The gods are favorable, come along." As we went on every little noise sounded like a roar. The cave divided again and several small openings could be seen. We kept in the center and entered a place where a small was flowing. The room was small and circular in shape. The waters ran so smoothly that I could not hear them. There was one stone chair hewn from solid rock. I was told to sit in this. She went to one part of the room and got a gong. Then going to another part and tapping the gong upon the wall a long thin



handled spoon appeared. Then she asked me what I wanted to know. I said, "Where are my classmates of S. H. S. Class of '17?"

She took two drops of water from the stream and when she had passed her hand over them they began to jump and sputter. Finally one exploded. Before me I saw a large building. Large smoke stacks were sending forth long lines of black smoke. There was a large sign

SHILLING MOTOR CO.

Largest Motor Factory in the World

Capacity 400,000 Per Hour

Thousands of men were working. Everything was running by the latest methods. Then came the office of the building in which several men were working. One man had an order for ten thousand motors to be shipped that day. Behind a desk in the corner of the room there was a man of middle age, who mend to be directing the work of all the other men. They

would go to him for advice and then go back to work again. I recognized him as Howard Shilling. The scene faded. Immediately the other drop of water expanded. Before me there was another scene. A great strike was going on. Street cars were standing on the street and motormen and conductors were forming a line preparing to march through the city. Just then a gentleman came up and talked to one of them. Some one said it was the president of the street car company. He got a box from a building near by and standing on this, delivered a speech, during which the crowd remained spellbound. When he had finished, the crowd dispersed and the street car men rushed back to work. I recognized him as my old friend, Wellington Miller.

Then this scene faded. I got up and started out. The gate of the cave was closed. Then I found that by placing one dollar in the slot above the gate it opened easily. I went out of this longing to see my old school mates again.

Cecil Hollopeter, '17.



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1917, being sound of mind do hereby lawfully administer this last will and testament.

To the Faculty we bequeath all our extra 100's so they will not have to grade our papers.

To Forest Kain we bequeath all weeping pines in Decatur. To Shylock we bequeath all our affections for Leone, also

hoping that he may come to an understanding with Everett.

To Dale we bequeath all our militarism knowing that she will can the same.

To Goldy we donate all of our palms.

To Delphia we present a cage for her canary.

To Gladis we donate all Dutch's good looks.

To Lankey we donate all of Dutch's graceful pool shooting abilities.

To Jean all extra cookies found in D. S. room.

To Roy we present all the black eyes we have obtained in our useful career.

To Harold we present all our baked beans.

To Lola we give all our fondest hopes, hoping that she may sometime see the joke.

To Delphia B. we donate all our swiftness so that she may

get to school in time.

To Eva we bequeath a carpenter.

To Leone we persent a copy of her hearts favorite, "Memories."

To Minnie we donate some speed so that she may become a runner.

To Berniece we present our foreign languages.

To Lucile we present all of Shilling's ability to hold down a piano bench.

To Gladys Evans we bequeath all our extra red tape.

To Alien we donate Dutch's famous book, "My adventures with the misses."

To Edwin we donate a copy of our class song, "Chick."

To Garth we donate a large weight for his head, so his head will not go through the ceiling in 1920.

To Verna we donate all our ability to stretch the truth.

To Mary we present our class cradle, having no further use for it.

To the entire freshman class we present all our class modals. They will be left hanging on the wall of the Assembly roomo.

To the entire school we leave the Freshman Hope.









THE JUNIORS



JUNIOR HISTORY

Gladis Watson, '18

One beautiful September morning in the year of nineteen undred fourteen, twelve active children (so to speak) came to the building known as the "High School Life." The first nom into which we went was the Freshman year. In this room Mr. O. W. Nicely and Miss Bertha Thornburg. They **bowed us the book of Latin into which some peered very dili**mily. Going farther we found another book which seemed first very difficult to understand because of its a's and b's, and y's and other mysterious symbols. This was that beaublue-backed one called "The Algebra." Upon another lay a monstrous book called the "English Book." The and boys were divided for these last, but not least, tasks looking over the books of "Domestic Science" and "Man-Training." Every day brought these delightful (1) tasks. because they did not like these tasks, or perhaps for other Helen Place, Harold Moore and Clarence White came

only a short time. One morning there was a rustle at the door; the class looked up and there stood Abbie McCrory. On account of illness Ensor Conine decided to leave his work in the Freshman room to some other industrious student. The other half of the term in that room passed unevently.

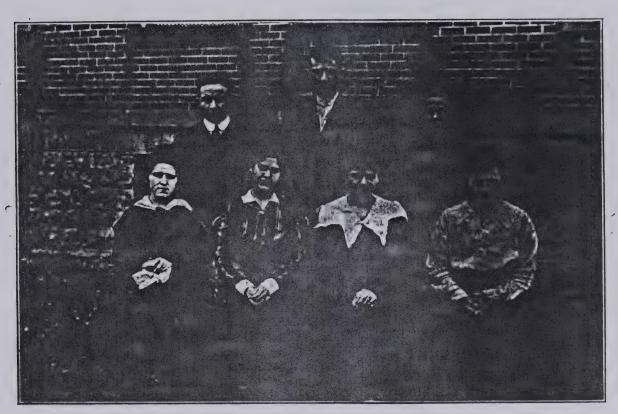
The next year only six of these children came to the Sophomore's door. The three left behind were Berniece Peters. Abbie McCrory and Agnes Shull. When the high winds of March began to rage we lost another valuable student, Loretta Funk. So at the end of that term only the five-pointed star remained, the points being Dale Shull, Goldy Hull, Walter Silberg, Delphia Coburn and Gladis Watson. The keepers of the door were Miss Thornburg and Mr. Kain.

When the class passed on to the Junior room, another was added, Harry Hirsch. Another teacher, too, has been added, Miss Strout. Next year we expect to go out of the building, "Not at the top, but climbing," wearing the "red rose" wih "the lavender and green" forever loyal to the "S. H. S."



SOPHOMORES





THE SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORE HISTORY

Jean Mumma, '19

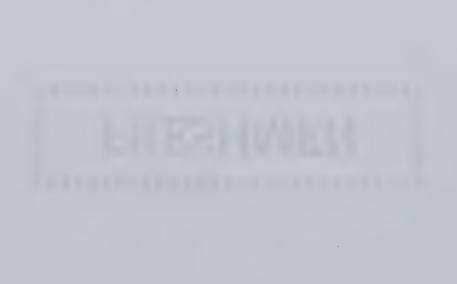
When we started in High School last year we were just thirteen little Freshies. We did not find thirteen to be an ununlucky number for we got along fine in spite of our "greenness" Near the close of the year Grace Cook dropped out of the class, but our enthusiasm was not to be dampened and we were successful in climbing up one step higher on the ladder.

This year eleven of us started in as Sophomores, Harry Hirsch having been adopted by the Junior class because he had grown wiser during the Freshman year than the others. Early in the term Joe Beerbower left us and later Della Goings. On January 27, a deep gloom was cast over the class by the death of our classmate, Karl R. Ferrell. He was a good student and his death has been a great loss to the class. The members of our class now are, Eva Watt, Leone Widdifield, Roy Bowser, Harold Miller, Lola Beam, Paul Houghton, Delphia Beam and Jean Mumma. We have fought some hard battle with Caesar, and have been perplexed over the propositions of Geometry, but we are still at it ever pressing on. We are hoping that next fall, the sun will shine on all of us as we trudge toward the dear old school again, then under the glowing colors and banners of the Junior Class.



FRESHMEN

11.





THE FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN HISTORY

Gaylon Markle, '20

MOTTO: "We endeavor to win" COLORS: Pink and Nile Green.

FLOWER: Pink Rose.

The history of a class one year old would not fill a very big volume, so, to make a short story long, we will begin with the ppenings of last year.

In the commencement number of "The Herald" for last you saw the picture of the eighth grade graduates, twenty number. Each of the twenty graduates with the thought of stending High School the following term. But when the following term of school opened there were twenty-one Freshmen. Ille two of our class of the year before could not attend, were three others who wished to do so, one coming from ther township, and the two others starting in again after a starting of one or two years.

Everything went along nicely for about a month and then Ralph Baker, a member of the class thought he would like to have a vacation so he withdrew from school. In a few days Laura Goings was compelled to give up her school work on account of poor health. In a few weeks Loula Evans stopped, going back to the Coburntown school. Then one morning of the second month of school, the pupils were excited over an accident, which resulted in the loss of Roscoe Place, another member, because of injury. Later another, Agnes Shull, dropped out. In March Carl Trumble, a member of the Leo High School came here to finish the first year, while Harry Peterson withdrew to work. About six weeks before the close of the term, Henry Beams was compelled to give up his school work for sometime on account of sickness. There are left sixteen members of the Freshman Class.

Pres.—Lucille Rhodes.
Vice Pres.—Gaylon Markle.
Sec'y and Treas.—Mary Tyndall.





EIGHTH GRADE





DOMESTIC SCIENCE



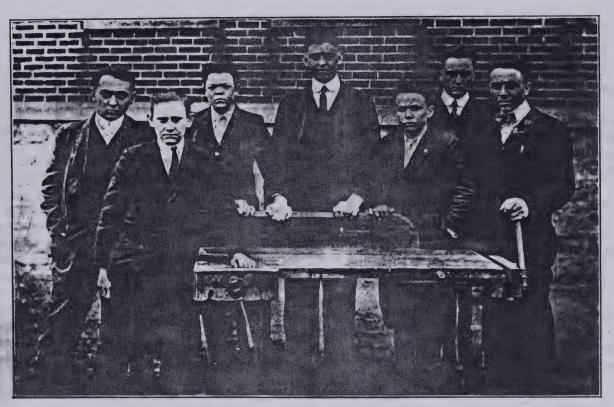
DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The work in domestic science has progressed very nicely this year. A two-year course is offered to those who desire to take it.

The courses in cooking have included the study of the different classes of foods, their value as foods, methods of cooking. planning well-balanced meals and dining room service.

The new sewing machine, which has been added to the department has aroused much enthusiasm and the work has improved since it came. The courses in sewing have included a study of textiles, exhibits and the making of simple garments with the emphasis placed upon neatness and simplicity.





"SAWDUSTERS AND HATCHETWIELDERS"



MANUAL TRAINING

When this subject was first introduced into the school curriculum there was much doubt in the minds of many people as to the practical value of the department.

After two years of successful work we find the sentiment has changed and now we find only favorable comment on the work done by the boys. We feel that the exhibits at the Centennial and farmers institute have done much for the boys as it shows what other school are doing.

To the boy entering the rural high school this line of work should be held indispensable. We look at them as the future farmer and business men. On them lies the responsibility for the development of community resources and improvements in social activities.

If you ask for a position in an office you are required first to prepare for that special line of work. So why should we not be prepared in vocational just the same as for professional positions.

The aim of the department has been to work out projects

that can be of use in the home. As we feel any work on some trivial, useless project is time squandered.

Because of lack of equipment we are forced to limit our activities to bench woodworking. Though we make some investigations into the trades of plumbing, blacksmithing, painting, cement mixing we cannot carry these out n any practical way.

It is the hope of the school in the future to put out in society a useful man. This will mean he will need both classical and vocational education. When this is done we hope to be able to face the world with a lesser number of misfits. That every boy and girl may be guided in such a way that he may follow some vocation that will give in return a good honest living.

So to the boy just leaving the common school. You should take advantage of every bit of training you can. Any failure on your part will bring regrets to you. So enter some high school next fall. It is the next road that lies open before you. Go where you will receive the best.



ATHLETICS

Garth Shull, '20.

As our school days of this term are drawing to an end we ish to say that our boys did not win many victories being indicapped by the lack of material for a basket ball team, all players were new except one, they have put up a good

At the beginning of the term the team was not well organand they did not have the speed in a game or the power to the ball quickly, but after playing some good teams with a at amount of practice the boys won honor for the S. H. S.

About this time the team was greatly weakened by the loss of their guards, Karl Ferrel, which again put a stop to backet ball playing.

By this loss the boy re-organized the team, Baker and Perplaying forward, Hollopeter jumping center in Shull's ten and Shull taking Ferrel's place. They again played games.

two last games were played with the Auburn Y. M. C. and, Spencerville-winning both games.

to be a grand success. A Tournament was called school and a few sets were played but bad weather putting a stop to tennis playing.

Base ball seems to be the leading game at present but it was not carried to any extent last fall.

In this game all the boys seem to be very much interested and good talent has been shown in all round positions especially in catching and pitching.

As to the Athletic Association as a whole, at the close of this season we are proud to announce our successes although they are few and far between. Although each player has shown his good spirit and helped in a way he saw best there has been many places for improvement. Let us hope that the S. H. S. will have better success next year.

Basket	10 ~ 11	Dagge	14 ~
Dasket	ונאמ	nesu	LLS

S. H. S. vs. Leo	10-22	Leo
S. II S. vs. St. Joe	11-33	Spencerville
S. II. S. vs. St. Joe	16-22	St. Joe
S. II S. vs. Woodburn	48-17	Spencerville
S. S. H. vs. Butler	30-42	Butler
S. H. S. vs. Antwerp	26-32	Spencerville
S. H. S. vs. Leo	24-36	Spencerville
S. II. S. vs. Leo	19-20	Spencerville
S. H. S vs. Leo	15-16	Leo
S. H. S. vs. Harlan	16-28	Harlan
S. H. S. vs. Auburn Y. M. C. A.	28-23	Auburn
S. H. S. vs. Auburn Y. M. C. A.	28-36	Auburn



ALUMNI

It is with deepest regret and heartfelt sympathy for the family and friends that we record for the first time the death of one of our members. Mr. Herman Miller '15, who was drowned while bathing July 4, 1916. We remember Herman as a good student and one who always stood ready to do all in his power to help hold up the glory of S. H. S. Always cheerfuland jovial he holds a place in the memories of all who knew him.

The circle is broken—one seat is farsaken—
One leaf from the tree of our friendship is shaken—
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.
The heart ever open to charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure or blame,
While vainly alike on his eye and his ear
Tell the scorn of the heartless the jesting and jeer.
As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
He has passed to the world of the holy from this.
Four of our members have fallen mark for cupid and have

taken on the weighty cares of matrimony. We notice that they happened to all belong to the gentler sex. Evidently they did not think the Legislature was going to give women the right to rule so soon or they would not have promised to "love and obey" so readily. The Alumni as a whole extend their congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Ethel Shutt'15 to Mr. Dayton Web, restaurant keeper of Spencerville. They are living at present with the groom's parents at Spencerville. Both these young people are well known and a host of friends join in wishing them happiness.

Miss Jennie Steward '08, formerly primary teacher of Specerville to Mr. Roscoe Walters, one time Principal of S. H. S., but now in employ of Standard Oil Co. Both are well known, always being prominent in church and society affairs of Specerville. We all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Walters success and happiness. At home Laporte, Ind.

Miss Olive Jackson '14 to Paul E. Furnish of Spencerville. Both of these estimable young people have a host of friends around Spencerville and S. H. S. who join in wishing happiness and prosperity. They reside in Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Miss Maude Platter '13, former teacher, to Forrest Moore, of Hicksville, O., Miss Platter is well known by former S. H. S.



ste who wish to extend their best wishes and congratula-

1906-1907

Houck, at home, Spencerville.

Boger-Grube.

And a little

1907-1908

Davis, Kalamazoo, Mich.

rley, Physics, Akron H. S. Akron, O.

Kriswell, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1908-1909

Mart-Klophenstien, Ft. Wayne ,Ind.

Butler-Chapman, Garrett, Ind.

Carnes, Bloomington, Ind.

Louck, Farmer, Spencerville, Ind.

ward-Walter, Laporte ,Ind.

Alwood, Bufler, Ind.

Steward, Teacher, Montecello, Ind.

Cleveland, Ohio.

rick, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1909-1910

Platter, Butler, Ind.

Overland Garage, Spencerville, Ind.

Gladys Nelson-Rickett, Garrett, Ind.

Pearl Pervines-Nigh.

Vera Silberg, Teacher Spencerville, Ind. Constt,

1910-1911

Merritt Maxwell, Grammar Room, St. Joe, Ind.

Franc Rodenbaugh-Wiers, St. Joe, Ind.

Gladys Kain, Intermediate Room, St. Joe, Ind.

Murray Erick, Mechanical Engineer, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Gladys Nelson-Rickett, Garrett, Ind.

Clara Shull-Platter, Butler, Ind.

1911-1912

Alva Place, Farmer, St. Joe. Ind.

William Goings, Farmer, St. Joe, Ind.

Fred Steward, Steward Grain and Lumber Company.

Ernest Steward, Overland Garage, Spencerville, Ind.

George Poince, Student Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Paul Curie, Curie Implement Store, St. Joe, Ind.

Ida Reed, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.

Iva Zehner-Hollobaugh, Spencerville, Ind.

Charlotte Miller, Primary Grades, Spencerville, Ind.

1912-1913

W. Beeks Erick, Mail Carrier, Spencerville, Ind.



George Hart, Farmer, Spencerville, Ind.
Leila Horn, General Electric Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
John House, Painter and Paperhanger, Detroit, Mich.
Maude Platter-Moore, Hicksville, Ohio.
Stanley Shutt, Graduate Ft. Wayne Business College, Spencerville, Ind.
Rutl. Gratz, Teacher, Spencerville, Ind.
Forrest Kain, Principal of H. S. Spencerville, Ind.
Ruth Essig, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.

Bessie Kinsey, at home, St. Joe, Ind.

1913-1914

Hubert Shook, Medical Student, Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.

Mark Shull, Grammar Grades, Spencerville, Ind. Gertrude Shutt, at home, Spencerville, Ind.

Hazel Steward, at home, Spercerville, Ind.

LeAnna Wearley, at home, Spencerville, Ind.

Olive Jackson-Furnish, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Howard Pervines. Intermediate room, Spencerville, Ind.

Walter Coburn, Teacher, St. Joe, Ind.

Merwin Place, General Electric Works, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1914-1915

Mark Tyndall, General Electric Works, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Violette Tyndall, at home, Spencerville, Ind. Gladys Conne, Student Tri-State Normal, Angola, Ind.

Herman Miller, deceased.

Ethel Soule, at home, Spencerville, Ind. Herbert Ginther, Teacher, Hicksville, O.

Ethel Shutt-Webb, Spencerville, Ind.

1915-1916

Marie Miller, at home, Auburn, Ind.

Paul Wasson. Employed on Wabash Railroad, Montpelier, O.

Faye Wilmot, employed at Wilmot Restaurant, St. Joe, Ind.

Donald Shook, Farmer Spencerville, Ind.

Marie Hull, at home, Spencerville, Ind.

S. Tennyson Wearley, Co. E., O. N. Guards on border duty, El Paso, Texas.

Dewey Beaber, Student, International Business College, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Harold Beam, Farmer, Spencerville, Ind.

Levi Mumma, Student Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.



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LITERARY

SIXTEEN

Delphia Coburn, '18

Ann Gregory did not know what to do about her youngest daughter. She was altogether different from her two older sisters, Harriet and Esther, who were very dignified and quiet and cared for nothing but books. But Drusilla! She was wild and lively. At thirteen she had flamed into beauty and at sixteen, her present age, had lengthened her dresses to her shoetops and pinned up her beautiful brown curls. She read books of the dime-novel variety which her mother would destroy before she could finish them if possible. The young people of both sexes admired her and to her mother's distress, she permitted the particular attention of one of the young men. Alan Roberts.

One day when Mrs. Gregory was talking to a neighbor about her children Dru overheard her and decided to be aitogether different from her two dignified sisters.

Mrs. Gregory would consent to any of Dru's wishes. It seemed as if she couldn't refuse her because she was so affectionate and willing to do anything she wished her to do. The first thing she must do was to gain her daughter's confidence, win her by gifts, tenderness and favors.

Mrs. Gregory was expecting her two older daughters home in a few days. She shuddered to think of it. She knew how

they would criticise and find fault with Dru, and she was also afraid they would mar the affection that was between herself and Dru. She could hardly bear to think of having her cold, stately daughters around when she was used to only lively and loving Dru.

One morning while they were talking about the senior reception and dance and Dru's outfit for the evening, the postman brought a letter announcing that Esther and Harriet, her daughters, were coming home that afternoon. Mrs. Gregory was afraid they would complain because she was going to let Dru go to the reception, and with Alan Roberts.

Esther arrived just after dinner but as she was the weaker of the two, she had little to say. Dru and Alan were gone before Harriet telephoned from the depot. She asked whether Drusilla was going to the recption and Mrs. Gregory replied that she had gone. Harriet said she thought she had seen Dru dressed in a dark blue serge with a young man with a traveling bag at the depot. Mrs. Gregory said it wasn't Dru as she wore a white dress but nevertheless, greatly shocked she hung up the receiver. Dru had just such an outfit.

Mrs. Gregory went up stairs to Dru's room. There in the closet was Dru's party clothes but her tan hat and blue serge were gone. Her list thought was that Dru had eloped with Alan. Shee ould not sleep all night. But when morning came she went to Dru's room. There she lay sleeping as soundly as



Ching hadh appened. She wanted to waken and have her thin, but let her sleep on.

After breakfast as soon as Dru had an opportunity she told her mother all. She said Alan had a position in the city here he must begin work early in the morning and she had to the depot to see him off. She told her mother about conversation she had overheard when she had been talking er neighbor about her children.

They looked at each other and then burst out laughing, a decided she would get to work with Harreit as her tutor be able to take the exmainations in the fall. Her mother ed her and told her she would be pleased, but she must not her dark blue serge for a month or so and must burn up tan hat.

THE RAISE

Goldy Hull, '18.

Mr. and Mrs. Plannet had always been in the habit of giva large Garden Party to their friends.

This year Mr. Plannet's salary was not sufficiently high to mable them to do so. hTey were trying to pay for their new one and there was not enough extra money to provide for party.

Mrs. Plannet carefully counted the cost and decided, that in if she could dispense with the cook and other needed help, could not be done.

One noon when Mr. Plannet came home he knew that his the was troubled about something. When he asked her what was, she reminded him, how each summer before they had tertained their friends, who would expect it again. He de-

trmined to have the money in some way.

That afternoon when he went to work again as cashier in the bank, he asked about an increase in his wages.

They told him there was no chance, as Mr. Vermillion, the millionaire, who was their hhief depositer had withdrawn his aldount and had transferred it to a western bank where he was going, expectin never to return. That P. M. while Mr. Plannet worked he was thinking very hard.

In the evening when he went home, Mrs. Plannet was in the door, she thought that by the look on his face, that something had happened. He told her he had got the raise all right ten more dollars a week now, and that they could now have the Garden Party, and could begin to lay aside money to buy their new home.

Preparations for the party to be given in about two months began. The party was announced and invitations sent.

Mr. Plannet's fellow-employees in the bank noticed how he and Mrs. Plannet were again entering society, and wondered how they could do it on the salary he was getting. The books which Mr. Plannet kept were looked over, in his absence, but he had not been getting his money in that way.

The party was a success. News came thes ame evening, that Mr. and Mrs. Vermillion, good friends of the Plannets, were returning to their old home.

Another dinner was now planned to welcome them home. On the night of the dinner after the rest of the guests were gone. Mr. Vermillion learned from Mr. Plannet the circumstances of the bank, and when he knew what his millions could do, he again deposited his money in the bank.

All the employees now got a raise of fifteen dollars. Mrs.



Plannet noticed that Mr. P. only got twenty dollars the next week after the increase, she asked him why, and he then told her how he had given himself the other raise, by simply adding to his due salary ten dollars of his advance salary. Now that they really had an advance he would make it even by only drawing twenty of the thirty he was supposed to get.

THE PROMISE THAT WAS NOT KEPT

Leone Widdifield, '19.

On Fourth Street, in New York City, there stood a beautiful little cottage; climbing roses and vines twined in and out, covering the entire front of the house. The well-kept garden, in old English style with the small, but beautiful fountain in the centre, seemed to invite one to come in, to enjoy a quiet afternoon. Everything, like the garden, had an old-fashioned air. Even the surrounding modern mansions and villas could not break the solitude and peacefulness that the little cottage seemed to offer.

Within, the house carried out the same old-fashioned ideas; everything was as cozy and homelike as a woman's hand could make it.

In a room, on the south side of the house, lay a beautiful woman of, perhaps, thirty-five years of age. Although young, long years of suffering had turned the once black hair gray and had brought the dark lines of sorrow around her eyes and the wrinkles in her brow.

She was dying: her eyes were resting, with a last loving look, upon her little son and daughter.

Little Charles Richmond was just ten years old, with mischievous eyes and handsome black hair. May, his sister, was

six years old; she had pretty blue eyes and golden hair. Both children were kneeling beside the bed, with their arms around their mother.

"Dear mamma," little May whispered, "don't go 'way and leave us. Brother and I will be all alone."

The dying mother took her little daughter's face and kissed her; placed the little chubby hand in that of Charles and said—"Dear Charles, I want you to promise me that you will never drink any kind of liquor and promise always to take care of your sister."

Perhaps the poor woman was thinking of her husband, who had been a drunkard and whom she had not seen for five years. Not wishing her son to follow in his father's way, she made him promise this.

"Yes, dear mother," the boy answered, "I promise—but do you have to—leave—us?" The woman kissed away the boys tears and replied: "Yes, dears, I must leave you. Stay with Mammy Sue, your nurse, and obey her. She will take care of you and will tell you what to do. Always be good children; there—good-by—my—darli—"

Mammy Sue, their old negro nurse, took the children from the room, telling them their mother was dead.

Twenty years have gone by. Charles is a man of thirty now and has become a successful young electrician, in demand all over the city.

Among his acquaintances is a man whose name is Jack Crawford. Crawford is a man you can not understand: he seems to have an influence over young Charles that is astonishing and which he uses in an evil way. It was he who first of-



fered the wine glass to Charles Richmond. So Charles, led by this man, went the downward road so fast that he soon became a victim of the opium as well as the drink habit.

May, left much of the time to herself, began to wish for pleasures which other girls have. She became acquainted with a society girl, and with her, became a frequent visitor of the cafes, cabarets and theatres.

one night Charles came hom from business tired and discouraged, and sat down in the library. All day long he had been haunted by his mother's face and by his promise to her. He knew he had broken that promise. He knew he must answer to his mother, in Heaven, for this broken promise.

His sister stepped into the library; she was dressed in eyening dress with a velvet wrap thrown over her bare shoulders. "Charles," she said, "You will have to eat dinner by yourself tonight. I am going out with Mr. Brahm."

"I want you to quit this life, little sister," said Charles; "quit your associates. If you will, I will drop my evil companions, quit drinking and start all over again. We will leave New York and go to some quiet town, where we can live the way mother would want us to live."

"Why, Charles, I can't do that! Quit my friends and pleasures of Broadway! Why it is impossible. You seem to think of me rather suddenly. Why didn't you think like this before I began this kind of life? It is too late now—too late. I can't—I won't stop it. If you will remember you left me to my own solitary life, without any pleasures and I got lonesome. You failed me—I found others who gave me some pleasure. I I won't quit it. Here is Mr. Brahm now. I must go. Hope you enjoy your lonely dinner as well as I did when you left

me alone nights. Good night."

How that sneer hurt him. Despairingly he left the house, ate his dinner at a cafe, and once more found himself in the street. As was his custom his feet led him to the saloon.

That night he and Jack Crawford fought over a game of cards—Crawford shot Charles and wounded him severely. He was taken immediately to the hospital and while there, died. His last thoughts were of his mother and as he died he murmured. "Oh, Mother in Heaven, forgive me for—my—broken promise."

A broken promise, a broken heart, and a wasted life. Was he forgiven by his Mother and by a just God in Heaven?

REVERIES

Howard Shilling, '17

Gradually one by one the days pass by and finally grow into weeks and months. Autumn and winter have come and gone with their pleasant recollections. Days of toil, joy and sorrow have slipped silently by, molding and forming their impressions of the old school days upon our minds.

The Seniors, especially, are coming to realize how short their school days have really been. Why, it seems as if it were only last fall that we entered high school as Freshmen, and now we must leave; yes, we must leave school, but we can still retain the memory of our life while there. We will be separated, no doubt, separated in person but not in thoughts and we shall always remember the happy times we had as Freshmen, Sophomores, Junior and, lastly, as dignified Seniors.

It may be our lot to be stationed great distances from this, the scene of our school days and from the members of the



Senior Class, yet if we will give but a short time to our thought they will return to the days spent here in school. Our school life might not have been just what we anticipated, or have passed along smoothly; yet, before us looms up a miniature picture in which we plainly see the school room, our fellow-students and classmates; or possibly the faculty. With some of us, these may not be the first among our reveries; it may be the day when it was good fishing and we took advantage of the occasion, or it may be a day in Spring when Mother Nature has shed her winter coat and the river looks so inviting.

Our reveries may not be altogether those of our school day; they may be those of the days outside of the school-room. We will find undoubtedly that the ones of our school life are more pleasant than all the others. There seems to be a fascination or a something back of this which is different.

As each one of us start in on our High School education, the long weeks and months of hard study and thought seem far beyond our reach, in fact, they seem almost impossible. Yet we tug along through each day which seems a week and put forth the effort as best we can and finally he day draws to a close. We turn homeward with cheery faces but return the following day dreading the work before us. Thus on and on we go, through the days, the weeks, the months, until finally they have grown into years; years never to return to us again. Now as we look back over them we see these few months of study from a different view point.

The old school bell, which has brought many a student into the schoolroom who would much rather have been at play, will ring out next fall with a melody which will call us back to the old S. H. S. This will be in vain as we will be gone,—gone

to work in new fields and with new responsibilities placed upon us. At the present we do not fully realize what it means when we cannot answer the summons of the old school bell; the reveries of the school and its students will come up before us at this time more than at any other.

The last four years of our school education will be the foundation upon which depends our life's activities. In another sense it is the broadening or filling out of our will power. It prepares us better for the great difficulties and changes which are common in the lives of all of us. As we pass on through the ages we must prepare ourselves for the great changes and variations in the times and customs of the day and age of the world that we may be ready for every situation that presents itself;; that we can be able to serve this to the best advantage not only to ourselves but also to others.

The school room has much the same characteristics of a fountain, always changing yet ever the same. Each year we see new faces and new homes represented; and we also miss the faces of those that have passed on to some higher activities. All this we may sum up and yet say that it is the same old school room filled with those seeking the same heights.

Let us then take up and pick out the best of all the principles that we have been brought in contact with he past four years, and apply them to our every day life that we may thereby live more noble and upright lives in the years to come.

THE INITIATION

Lois Smith, '20.

In most High Schools there is more or less of a rivalry between the Sophomore and the Freshmen classes; but in this



school everything had been going smoothly until near the close of the year, when the Sophomores decided to entertain the Freshmen at the home of one of the Sophomores.

That evening when the party had all arrived at the home, they were entertained a while by playing diffrent games. But it was not long until the unsuspecting Freshmen were gathered in one room. Then the initiation for which they were unprepared began. One of the boys was called out into the kitchen, where he was blindfolded, and asked to kneel. He was then told to take a drink of water from a pan in front of him. Thinking it best to enter into their plans with alacrity, he proceeded to drink eagerly, but succeeded in getting, not water, but a mouthful of flour.

While this was going on in the kitchen the rest of the Freshmen were not asleep in the other room. They had found a window which could be raised, and had escaped from the room and lost no time in finding places to hide in various parts of the neighborhood.

When the Sophomores came to the room to get another Freshman they found the room deserted ,but the open mindow pointed to the way of escape.

They were soon out on a search for the missing Freshmen. For a long time they scoured various parts of the neighborhood in vain. They were on the point of giving up the search, when on their return home through an orchard they found three of the girls. One by one, the others were found, and taken to the house, where they received about the same treatment as the first victim had. Thus with a great deal of work the Sophomore class succeeded in initiating all the Freshmen but one boy, who had escaped and was watching all the fun.

After the trying experiences of the initiation all were ready to do full justice to the dainty lunch which was served. At ten o'clock everyone departed for home, in the best of spirits.

But the end was not yet. The next Monday at school the tide began to turn. The Sophomores began to realize that they were not exempt from initiation, even though they had been permitted to enjoy almost two years of peace. Several were forced to submit to a liberal application of burnt cork. Finally, however, a truce was declared, and things ran smoothly once more.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT

When we were all in History class,
And everything was dandy,
While Delphia was discussing Napoleon's Pass,
We saw Kain eating candy.

The next day we thought it would be fine
If he should have some handy,
That we should all fall in line,
And ask him to pass the candy.

Now our spirits were not so low, For 'twas almost time to pass, But we think Kain went below 'Cause he did not call the class.

Freshie: "There is something preying on my mind." Soph: "Never mind. It will starve to death."—Ex.



PUBLIC SPIRIT

Public Spirit, what is it? Noah Webster's interpretation of it is—"a spirit of interest in the public welfare of the community combined with an effort to serve t." Then we gather from this that not only must we have the interese of the community at heart but to manifest that interest, to show it, to prove it by our efforts to serve it, by our efforts to help that community along and to make it rise, by our efforts to help our fellowman; it means that we must be unselfish; it means that we must be willing to stand by our community and our fellowmen through thick and thin.

This public spirit, or pride, for it is a pride, though not one that is a haughty, boastful, or showy pride, one that looks down upon others as with scorn, but a pride that s unselfish, a pride that is more a sense of honor and respect for ourselves and our fellowman), like many other good qualities, starts in the home, for there we are first taught the value of it and also taught to have it. But if we are not taught it in the home by our parents then we must learn ourselves to have it, (for we soon learn that its value is of the greatest) and there in the home to perfect it in ourselves.

Since "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and not only that, but because it is the only firm foundation of good health, and only escape from disease, it must come first. We must keep ourselves clean and neat before we can keep the community clean. Keeping ourselves clean the next thing to do is to clean up and keep everything in order in and around our home, to get some pride or public spirit for our own home and in our own home. If we keep ourselves clean and endeavor to keep the home clean we will soon wield an influence for the good

and that influence will be felt. The others will soon become ashamed and will soon "catch" our spirit.

Having accomplished this we are ready for the next step, and that is to clean our front yard and back lot, garden or any plot of ground in the immediate vicinity of our home, for what is within must spread and come out as a seed planted in the ground, (if it is good) cannot lay hidden in the ground but must come out first as a sprout, a little later it will take on a full bloom and then it will blossom and bear fruit. Thus it is also with man. Once a good seed or spirit is planted in a heart, this spirit or pride, not the haughty, but the honorable or manly one is bound to bring results. It is these results which blossom and bloom into good habits, habits of doing good deeds and kind acts. After the blossom comes the fruit, the most desired of all. This fruit will not be the reputation which, though it will in all probability come along with the fruit, is not the fruit because it is uncertain and very often not lasting. But the real fruit is the character we are forming for when the heart becomes brimmed up with good, it will overflow and will find an outlet in ourselves and come to the surface so that others will see and know by our every word, manner and outward appearance what is within us. This spirit of pride in doing good and in the good n ourselves and in our fellowman will become contagious or "catching" so that it will be public or there will be a feeling of public spirit.

When going to school we resent all remarks made concerning our class and school. We have a "class spirit" and a "school spirit" but these and many others like them are in reality only branches or portions of a public spirit which we all possess to a more or less degree. You may say that a certain



person or school or community does not possess such a spirit, but that is not true, for though we may overlook it, though we may suppress it, still it is there and will always be there. It may have been smothered, but it is still smoldering and if a little kindling is applied it wll leap up into a bright flame. And what is better kindling than a smile, a genuine smile, (if it isn't genuine then force it, it soon will become a real one) along with a cheerful word and a helping hand wherever it can be given? And so this public spirit will become a fountain of helpfulness gushing forth good deeds, kind acts and many helps for ourselves and our fellowman, and those things which will help each of us to share one another's burdens, to become a help rather than a hindrance, to set a good example rather than a bad, to cease tempting our brother in his weakness but to extend a helping hand, aiding him to stand so that in the course of time he will be able to stand alone and shoulder his own burdens. We shall cease to envy or hate our brother when we shall all be merged in this spirit, a trust in each other, and pride in our selves, our brother or fellowman, our community in general, in ous, a united nation and the world and man in a grand co-operation of fellowship and good feeling, an embodi ment of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Again I say, What is public spirit? It is the uplifting of man, the raising of our standards, an edification of all that is good. If we have the interest of the boy or girl at heart, the interest of this paper, of this school, of this community, of this nation, of the public, the people and man in general it is good, but it is not enough. We must manifest them by working, by helping, by doing our best to help that boy or girl along, by our goodness, kindness, and appreciation, by helping this paper with your mind, spirit and pocketbook, (buy a paper, don't read the other fellows) by your appreciation of the good work done by the school, not only in mental and physical training, but in moral and spiritual training, character building; by helping your community to rise, to do good things and in general become a help instead of a hindrance to mankind so that our lives and the lives of our fellowmen may not be in vain. It is by eternally always boosting and forgetting that there is such a thing as knocking. In a word summing it all up, PUB-LIC SPIRIT means to BOOST with a big B and not to KNOCK.

What does PUBLIC SPIRIT mean to you? Think it over and decide for yourself. Then put your decision into action! into effect! make it bring results!



The Schoolboy of 1918

Teacher—"Sterilized Steven, do you bring with you a disinfected certificate of birth, baptism and successful vaccination?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your lower forearm inoculated with correct cholera serum?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your vermiform appendix removed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a Pasteurized certificate of immunity from croup, cold feet and cholera morbus?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you promise for yourself, your heirs and assigns, for all ages, to use sterilized milk?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly covenant to soak your slate in sulphur fumes?"

"I promise."

"Will you adjure every companion that sniffles?"

"I abjure."

"Do you promise to use an antiseptic slate sponge and confine yourself to individual chewing gum?"

(Sadly) "Yes, ma'am."

"Then extract that one remaining milk tooth, tie a formal-dehyde bag 'round your neck, and make your will. Come to-morrow, and you will be assigned an insulated seat in this sanitary schoolhouse."—Life.

If it cost to smile some of us would never be in debt.

Tommy came home from school and handed his father the teacher's report on his work during the month.

Father: "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom. Your marks are poor. I'm not at all pleased with it."

Tom: "I told her you wouldn't be, but she wouldn't alter it."

Tactless Lady Friends to Hostess: "By the way, what birthday is this we are celebrating?"

Hostess: "My thirty-fifth."

"But haven't we celebrated that before?"

"Oh, yes! It is one of my favorite birthdays."

Proud Mother (to Swedish cook): "My son is coming home from Yale today!"

Cook: "Bane that so? My son bane in Yail five times already."—Ex.

First Girl—How do they ever get the boys clean after a game?

Second Girl (wisely)—Didn't you know they had a scrub team.

Teacher—"What three words are more used by students than any other words?"

Senior-"I don't know."

Teacher-"Correct."

Fresh—How can I keep my toes from going to sleep? Soph (wisely)—Don't let 'em turn in.



Complete Revenge

Two young bootblacks who have stands close together quarreled the other day.

"I'll get even with that guy yet," vowed the smaller boy.

"Goin' to fight him, are ye, Jimmy?" he was asked.

"Naw! When he gets throo polshin' a gent I'm goin' to say ter that gent soon's he steps off the chair, 'Shine, sir, shine?'"

Mrs. Stubbins—"Do you like codfish balls?"

New Boarder—"I don't know, Mrs. Stubbins, I never at-

Mr. Kain: (In Geometry) What is formed when two faces coincide?

Junior (bashfully) Er-er-really I don't know.

Fresh—Why is a horse with his head hanging low like next Monday?

Soph-I don't know.

Fresh-Because its neck's week.-Ex.

Teacher-"Define kiss."

Pretty Girl-"A noun, both common and proper and seldom declined."

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked, And she nodded her sweet permission; So we went to press, and I rather guess, We printed a large edition.

Toot! Toot!

Traveler to smart Senior standing on railroad platform—"How long does this passenger train stop here?"

Smart Senior-"From two to two to two, two."

A Senior's Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep, Electric heater at my feet. If it should get cold before the dawn, I pray the Lord to turn it on.

Irate Diner: "Say, waiter, you've got your thumb in that soup."

Waiter: "That's all right. It ain't hot."

A dejected man entered and said to Shylock: "I want a quarter's worth of earbolic acid."

"Sorry," said Shylock, "You got into the wrong store. We deal in hardware only, but we have a choice line of ropes, razors and revolvers."

The prisoner threw the magazine across the cell in disgust and cursed eloquently.

"Nothing but continued stories," he growled, "and I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

Bob-"Hello! I'm awfully glad to see you!"

Dink—"I guess there must be some mistake. I don't owe you anything, and I'm not in a condition to place you in a position to owe me anything."—Selected.



We wish to call the attention of the public to the following firms whose generous advertising have made this issue possible. We wish to thank all out of town advertisers and especially the merchants of Hicksville for their interest in us. We urge all our readers when in these towns to Patronize our Advertisers.

Spencerville, Ind.
Steward & Beams
W. G. Erick.
Miss Golden Murray
High's Restaurant
Steward Lumber Co.
Dr. J. C. Emme.
Dr. F. W. Silberg

Auburn, Ind. Clark & Son.
Schaab's Clothing Co.
Green's Livery Co.
Lawrence Shoe Co.
Biedler's Shoe Co.
People's Clohting Co.

Hicksville, O.

Maxwell Bros.
C. M. Hart.
Hoffman's Drug Store.
Hicksville Grain Co.
Blodgett's Studio
American Candy Kitchen
Boor, Bevington & Company.
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Butler Co., Butler, Ind.
International Business College,
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Tri-State College, Angola, Ind.







1871 - Forty-Six Years in the Hardware Trade - 1917

If you are looking for a John Deere, Moline or McCormick Binder, Emerson and McCormick Mowers, John Deere, Dain and Keystone Hay Loaders, Emerson, Johnson, Dain and Keystone Side Rakes, Gale, Emerson and John Deere Sulky Breaking Plows, Shunk and Bryan Walking Plows, Gale, John Deere, Hays, Superior and Emerson Corn Planters, John Deere, Gale, Emerson and Brown Corn Cultivators, John Deere two row Cultivators, New Idea Manure Spreaders, Tiffin, Brown and Studebaker Wagons, Butler Buggies, Reliance Cream Separators, Olds Gasoline Engines, Hardware and Furniture.

THE - W. - O. - HUGHES - COMPANY

Hicksville, Ohio

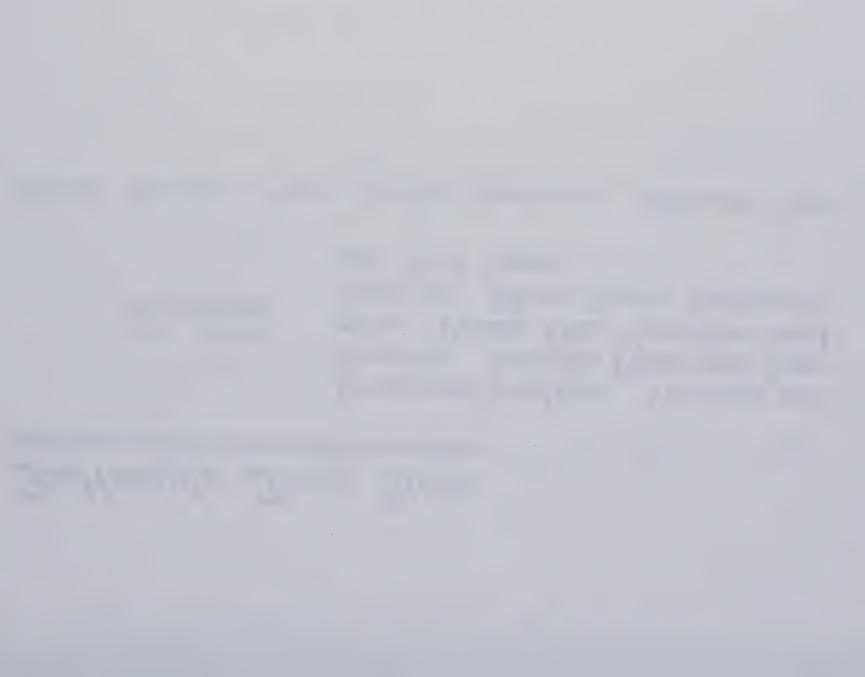


Hoffman's Drug Store

FOR BEST

Drugs and Sundries. Victrolas and Records. Kodaks, Films and Supplies. Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Brushes. Bibles, Books, Stationery and Wall Paper.

Lowest Possible Prices, Quality Considered. Hicksville, Chio



S. H. S. CALENDAR

- Sept. 18, '16—School opens—Forty-one start serving eight months sentence at S. H. S.
 - 19—Lankey, that enlightened Sophomore sweeps floor with tablet.
 - 20—No one has any doubts now as to residences of Freshmen, because of the stick candy and apples on
 - 22—Henry, the freshie, wears his cap in school room at recess.
 - 25—AnotherSophomore, Joe Beerbower enters school.
 - 26—Herald Staff organized.
 - 27—Some senior boys give themselves away by wearing Hughes badges.
- Oct 2, '16—Blue Monday.
 - 3-Girls decide to make tennis court.
 - 4-Move expense, Freshies must have a cradle, so un-
 - 5—School dismissed at noon; no one sorry. comfortable to sleep in their seats, (Rsocoe?)
 - 6—Everyone goes to Centennial at Auburn.
 - 9—Senior boys just can't stay awake, can they? Wellington?
 - 10—Juniors happy when Mr. Kain does not arrive at noon, no History.
 - 12-Mr. Kain gets a hair cut.
 - 13-All agree that tests were fine this week.
 - 16-Mighty queer-everyone sleepy again this Monday.
 - 17-Harry Hirsch gets a hair cut.
 - 19—Cecil shows ability to catch flies.
 - 20-First snow.

- 23—Sophomore girls perform miracle, make rocks (cookies.)
- 24—We believe that Mr. Kain likes to teach the girls as he called D. S. class this morning.
- 30—Two excuses due, Mr. Kain and Miss Thornburg late to school this morning.
- Nov. 1, '16-Cecil has new understanding, (new pair of shoes.)
 - 6-Roscoe loses his curls at barber shop.
 - 7—Cecil so interested in his dreams just before noon, he doen't wake up in time to march out with the rest.
 - 8, 9 and 10—Dryer than Saraha's Desert.
 - 13—Kain commits murder.
 - 14—A very tragic week, Wellington Miller tries to commit suicide down at Basket Ball Hall, hits his head on a nail.
 - 15—Lola thinks she has the mumps.
 - 16—Freshies and Sophs have been through the mill—grist mill. Miss Strout takes them through.
 - 22-Beams girls get here on time.
 - 20-Lankey has a new pair of shoes.
 - 23-Miss Strout has new by-words, "Turn Around."
 - 27—S. S. H. Students receive bad news school on Friday after Thanksgiving.
 - 28-A '16 graduate visits school, Faye.
 - 29-Another '16 graduate visits us, Dewey.
- Dec. 1, '16—Dewey again visits school.
 - 7—Harry H. gets weak in the knees in Com. Arith. class.



- 8-Freshies play in water brought in for painting.
- 9-Saturday, Social at S. H. S.
- 11-Some desks look like garbage cans this morning.
- 12—Lankey shows authority and superiority over the
 - 13—Roy has music in his soul (sole.)
- 14. Three little (?) freshies have to stay after school.
 - 18-Dark, dreary, dismal, disagreeable Monday.
 - 19-Kain wears a black eye.
 - 20-Miss Strout spills ink, don't cry Kain will pick it up
 - 21-A sudden rising in class room in History III. Walter Silberg sit on a tack.
 - 22-Marie Hull, '16, visits school.
 - 23-Jan. 2-Vacation for the hard-worked.
 - 2-School again open.
 - 3—Harold M. solves the H. S. coal problem, goes to sleep, saws enough wood to lest rest of term.
 - 4-Levi Mumma, '16 visits S. H. S.
 - 5—Lankey gets his raven locks cut.
 - 10—Two seniors each eat an onion down town at noon to break up their cold, early broke up school.
 - 11, 12-No time for happenings-exams.
 - 15-Beams girls again here on time.
 - 16—Lucile has a fit at last recess. Miss Strout fits her apron on her.
 - 18-Joe Beerbower again at S. H. S. as a visitor.
 - 23-Hair pulling math-Cecil and Edwin.
 - 26-Walter S. here on time every A. M. this week, good.
 - 27—Saturday, Karl leaves us.
 - 30-Karl's funeral.

- 31—Harold very silent all day, wouldn't talk to any one, bad cold, couldn't.
- Feb. 1,'17—Juniors very glad that Miss Strout was a judge at Institute, no Botany.
 - 5-Mr. Kain again missing, must be at Decatur.
 - 6—Leone must be thinking of bygone times, plays "Memories" every chance she gets.
 - 7—Chewing match at noon, Dale comes up from town chewing a match.
 - 8-Preparations for Negro Minstrel begin at 8:30 this A. M.
 - 13—Seniors seen once with dirty hands and faces.
 - 14—Kain sos leep in History III class, he had to stand pu so he would know when he was asleep. Rode the K. of P. goat.
 - 19—Bluer Monday.
 - 22—Flax seed flying.
 - 26—People think the Botany class crazy for going on a hike, wonder if they think we would wait until next fall to study buds.
 - 27—"Spring am come," two flies seen at S. H. S., Dale murders one.
 - 28—Mr. Kain must be going to Decatur, he looks so happy today.
- Mar. 2, '17—Harry Hirsch wears a black eye.
 - 5-Bluest Monday.
 - 6-New freshie enters school.
 - 7—Faculty and seniors give a free concert at noon.
 - 8—Freshies cannot wait until noon for dinner, eat cookies in school.



- 9—Senior, bad as freshies, think of a dignified senior eating peanuts in school.
- 12-Lankey combs his hair with a ruler.
- 13—Delphia! chairs and seats were made to sit on, not the floor.
- 14—George Doll and his new pompadour come to school.
- 15—Harry H. tells English class that Benj. Franklin discovers electricity.
- 16—Lankey wears a 75/8hat.
- 17-Sat. Freshies need no shamrocks.
- 19-Another freshie pomp, Verna Reed.
- 20—Cecil wears a black eye.
- 21—Mr. Kain, really do we dare eat candy in History class?
- 22—Everyone trying to beat everyone else making noise.
- 23—Think of a Junior sitting on the floor at recess and then running around with a handkerchief tied full of knots pinned to his coat.
- 26-Lankey receive & terrible wound, gets a hair cut.
- 27-Miss Strout years a smile!!!
- 28—Garth gets a hair cut. Sophs try to initiate freshmen, but when they got through, you couldn't tell whirh had been initiated. Sam Wearley '16 and John Shutt, two of Uncle Sam's boys visit S. H. S.
 - 29—Lankey primps for about fifteen minutes before having his picture taken.

Apr. 3, '17—Lankey goes from one side of the room to the other to the different sets of encyclopedias, so his 7% hat will fit.

WHY?

We would all like to know, Why Mike is so slow In the morning.

Most anyone at eight,
Will see him just closing the gate
Of the barnyard.

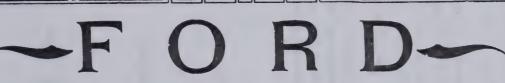
Then when we are all in school And observing every rule, He comes in.

Some say he is keeping batch And forgot to fasten the latch Of the cowshed.

The cattle of course got out And all were running about In the highway.

Others say its his aim
To arrive about the same
Time in the morning.





A Large Number of Sales in the Past and Present of the "Universal Car" are the Assurance of Its Superiority.

Touring Car, F. O. B. Detroit, \$360.- Runabout, F. O. B. Detroit, \$345
The Universal Car

Agent, DR. F. W. SILBERG

MECHANIC AND ASSISTANT

DAVID W. BAUGHMAN

PHONE NO. 7

SPENCERNILLE, IND.



Announcing Spring Styles

Within the next few weeks all nature will put on its clothes of spring. Every tree will have a new dress of verdant green, every bird a new coat of more brilliant feathers, men too feel the desire that is going the round and wishes to attire himself in accordance with the joyous budding of spring.

If you want to enjoy the fullness of the spirit, nothing will add to it so much as a new suit or dress.

We wish to announce a complete line of new and appropriate merchandise for this gala occasion. The most beautiful creations, the season has brought forth, direct from New York and Chicago where our buyer has spent several weeks selecting it are now on display.

We want to extend to you a most cordial invitation to pay us a visit and see the beautiful things we have in store for you. Whether you buy or not you'll enjoy seeing them and we will enjoy showing them to you.

Remember you'll do better at

10

SCHAAB'S

INDIANA



International Business College

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT



NOW is the time to lay your foundation with an efficient business college training. As the time of commencement draws nigh, it should be thoughts of all graduates to gain a business training.

Life is a business proposition—we get out of it just about what we put into it.

Your Opportunity is Before You

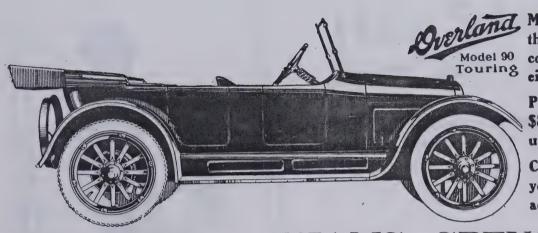
Fall Term Opens Sept. 4, 1917. Catalogue Free.

T. S. STAPLES, President. .. H. A. POPP, Vice Pres.









Modle "90" illustrated in this ad. is one of the best built cars on the market, and no competive line can reach it in value under eight hundred dollars.

Price of "90" \$695. Other cars: "Big 9" \$895, Light Six \$1025, also other modles up to \$1950.

Call and see the line of Overlands for this year. We also handle a complete line of accessories Q tires. Repair work reasonable

STEWARD & BEAMS, SPENCERVILLE, IND

Others Do, Why Not You

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ST. JOE, INDIANA.

MOTOR HEARSE.





Hart Schaffner & Marx Sport Suits for Work or Play

You'll like the feeling and look of these smartly belted coats. And they belong just as well to office life as outdoor life.

All sport suits have belts—many variations; all-wool fabrics.

Smartest style going. Best values in town.

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

Maxwell Bros. - Hicksville, Ohio



PENSLAR STORE



Drugs

Toilet Articles

Stationery

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Wall Paper & Paints Candies

Highest Quality and Good Service



MISS - GOLDEN - MURRAY SPENCERVILLE, INDIANA.

Professor to classical student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atas?"

Student: "I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife, and got his support from her father."

Sophomore (angrily)—It is reported that you said I had a bad case of the big head.

Freshman (calmly)—There's nothing in it.—Ex.

Soph. I:—"Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Souh. II:—"Because if I were not I could not pursue them."

Soph:—"Did you ever take chloroform?"
Freshman:—"No, who teaches it?"

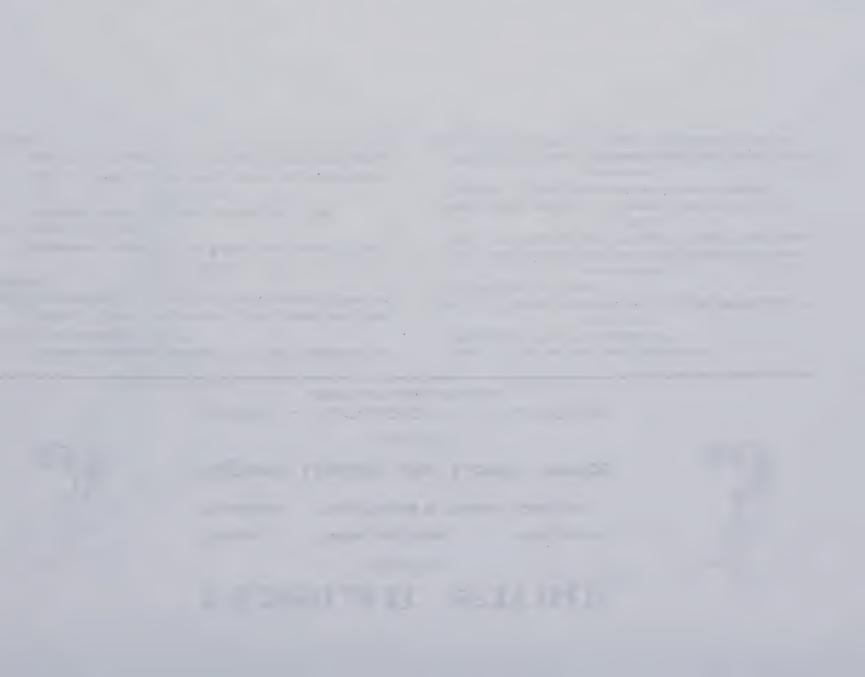
Mr. K:—"How do you get rid of 2 pi in the first equation?"

Bright Soph.:—"Eat it."

He—I hear Mr. and Mrs. Brown never fight in the house. She—No. They go out in the yard. There's more room.

Bright pupil translating:—"Caesar, er er tried to er er"—
Teacher:—"Don't laugh pupils— to err is human."

FOR SALE—Baker's business; good large oven; present owner has been in for seven years; best reasons for leaving.



LIVERY and FEED

Big Red Barn Auto Service

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Both Phones

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Every One Who

appreciates a combination of good style

and good value, will find our store a satisfactory place to buy clothing and shoes. Our guarantee of satisfaction on everything we will is your protection.

People's Clothing and Shoe Store

North of Court House

AUBURN, IND.

G. W. Erick

Dry Goods and Groceries.

Highest market prices paid for produce, cash or trade

Before Selling Your Wool

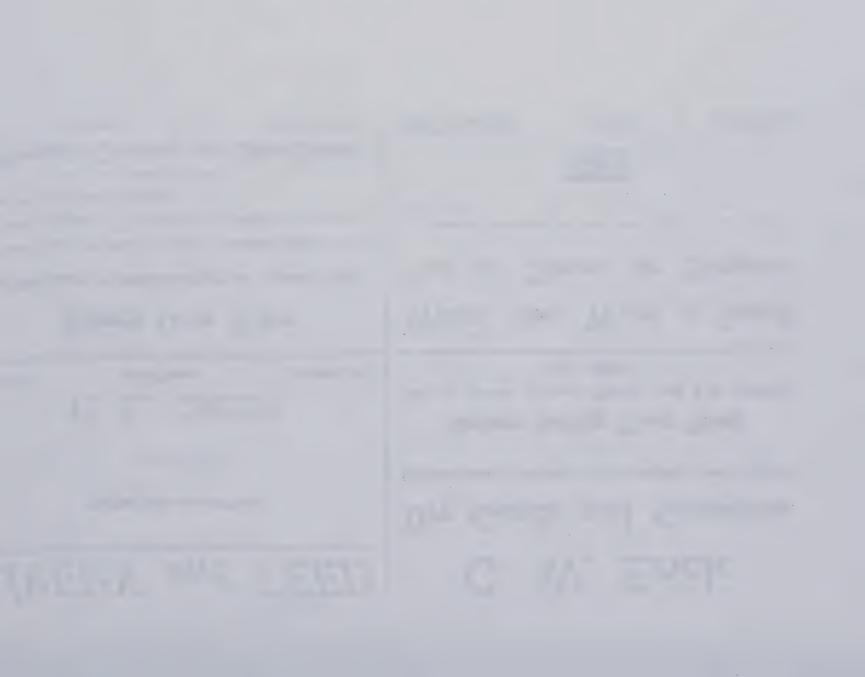
Get my prices. Honest Weight and Fair Dealing,
My Motto.

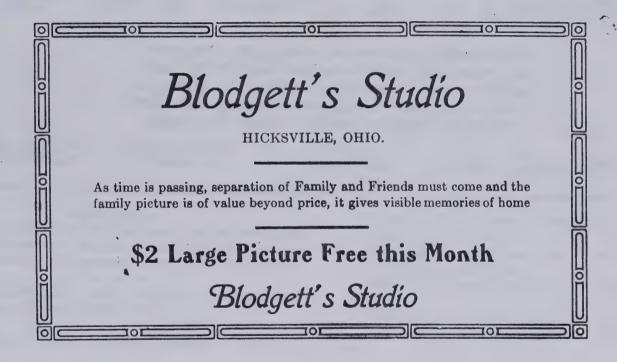
When you Want a Good Pair of Shoes or Slippers

Come to our store; we have everything for the Feet at Right Prices.



BEIDLERS - SHOE - STORE







Lumber for a Church or a Chicken Coop

We are just as eager to sell a few boards for a chicken coop or a dog kennel as we are to get an order for all the lumber in a big building, and even in the busiest season will try to fill the little order as promptly as the big one. That's fair, isn't it! WHEN YOU WANT BUILDING MATERIAL CALL ON

STEWARD LUMBER & GRAIN CO., Spencerville, Ind.

Wise Sayings.

Do not kick at the squirrel that runs up to you in the park; it may be only a mistake in identity. He thought he saw a nut.

A bald head is like paradise. There is no parting there.

Principal--Don't you want to support your school paper?"
Freshman—"No, sir; it has a staff."

Instructor—"Is 'egg' masculine, feminine or neuter gender?"

Student—"You can't tell until it hatches."—Exchange.

Life is one Dear thing after another. Love is two Dear things after each other. Berneice (in D. S. class)—I wish I could hire some one to clean out my sewing box.

Minnie-How much would you pay us?

Berneice-O! a Shilling.

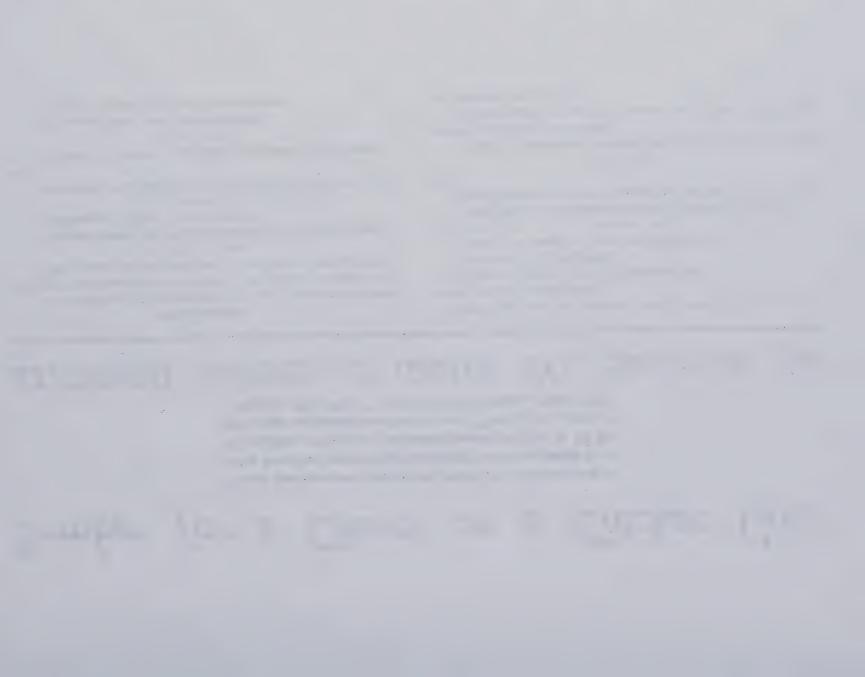
(Note) We wonder if she meant Howard.

Miss Strout (In Domestic Science resitation on fish.)

Lois, you may give the composition of feet. Oh! I meant fish.

"Mary, if you refuse to marry me, I'll get a rope and hang myself in front of your door."

"Please don't, John. You know that father doesn't want you hanging around here."



VISIT

H. L. LAWRENCE

Family Foot Fitter

When You are Interested in Shoes

High Grade Footwear Only

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IND.

E. M. Bilderback. Jr.

Dealer In

Harness, Whips, Flynets, and Robes

Everything in the Harness Line

Also Agents for Seneca Stock and Poultry Remedies

HICKSVILLE, OHIO

Doctor (to patient)—"You've had a pretty close call. It's only your strong constitution that pulled you through."

Patient--"Well, doctor, remember that when you make out your bill."

Old Maid (buying music)—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Clerk-"Why-er-no, I guess it was the other clerk."

"Why would Wilson make a good musician?"

"Because he composed many notes."

"Her teeth are like the stars."

"Ah! I see! They come out every night."

"My son, suppose I should be taken away quite suddenly, what would become of you?"

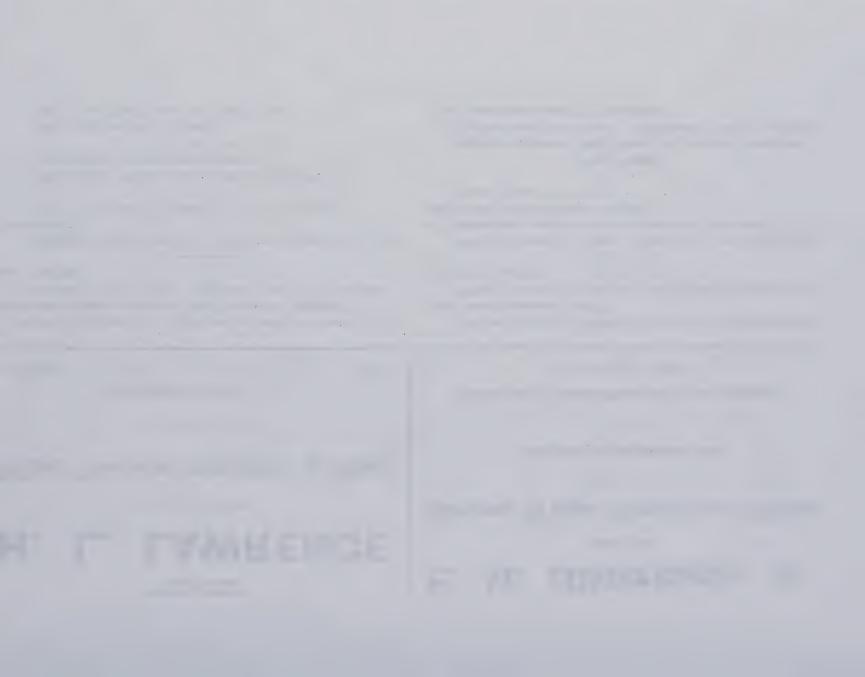
"Why, I'd stay here, father; the question is what would become of you?"

Miss Thornburgh—Gladys, I don't like your translation of "mihieredite" as believe me, it's too much like slang. Harry, how is that phrase in good English?

Harry-Take it from me.

Why, Indeed!

Lady of the house: "Say, Dinah, did you clean those fish?" Dinah: "Law, no, missus! Why should I clean those fish? They done lib all theah life in wattah."



* 1000

Patronize your Home Dealers and Boost your Community

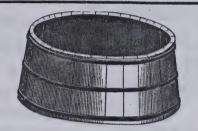
By Buying at Home you save freight, avoid delays in shipment, and get better goods at the Right Prices.

ASK * YOUR * DEALER * FOR * BUTLER * GOODS

A Butler Double Gear Wind Mill with Oilless Bearings

Is the Best for pumping water. Strong, durable, economical and satisfactory. Takes care of itself automatically. Lasts longest. Chenpest to use: costs only one-fourth as much to pump water with a wind mill as it does with an engine.





All Heart Red Cypress Tanks

Outlast all others. Butler Tanks are guaranteed FREE from sap.

All Sizes and Styles

Butler Pumps

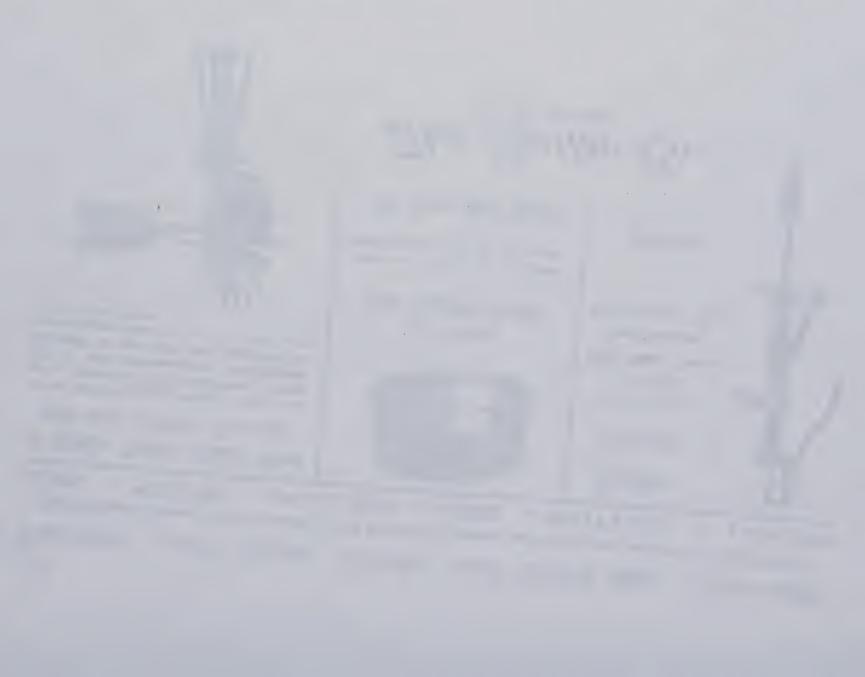
For every place
All Kinds
Also Pump Jacks
Feed Cookers
Well Tools, &c.

T. CO.



The Butler Co.

BUTLER, INDIANA.



HIGH'S

Spencerville, Indiana.

When you get thirsty on these warm days FRED knows how to mix the drink to fit the face and fill the space, and bring the smile that is worth while AT HIGH'S RESTAURANT. When you are hungry call on FRED for best meals and sanitary soda service. Tables for Ladies.



When James G. Blaine was a young lawyer he was once asked to defend a tramp accused of stealing a watch. Convinced of the tramp's innocence, Mr. Blain pleaded with such convincing energy and eloquence that the court was in tears; even the tramp wept, and the jury almost immediately returned the verdict "not guilty."

Then the tramp drew himself up and, with intense gratitude, said:

"Sir, I never heard so grand a plea. I have no money to reward you, but—here's that watch! Take it, and welcome."

Kain: "Harry what is pitch (meaning of sound?")
Harry (waking from a nap): "Pitch is something like tar."

How Is This?

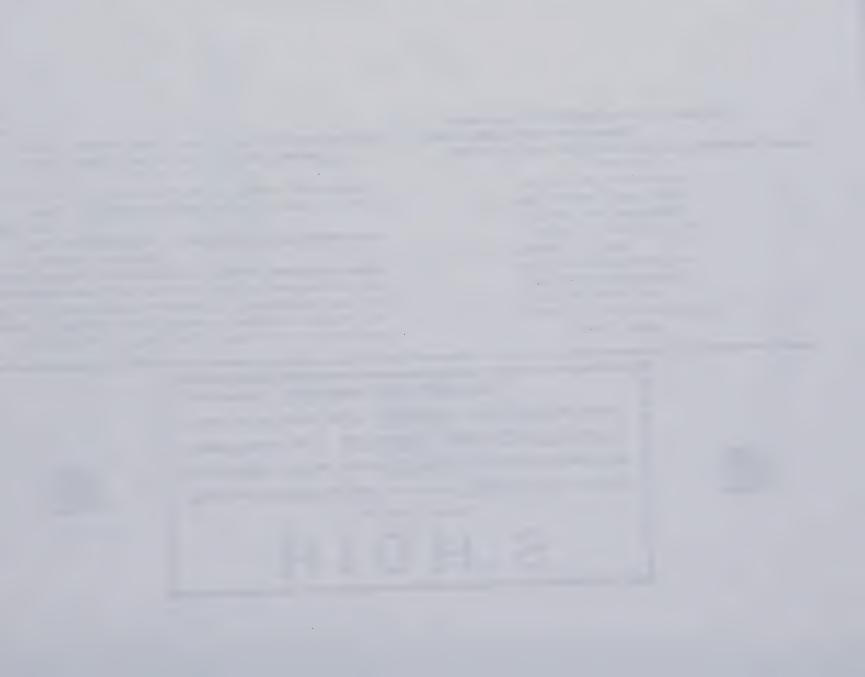
Indorsed by the Spencerville Ed.

How dear to my heart
Is the cash of subscription,
When generous subscribers
Present it to view.

But the one who won't pay—I refrain from description, For, perhaps, gentle reader, That one may be you.—Ex.

Harold (to Mary and Alicen, who were whispering to each other)—Here, secrets not allowed.

Alien-This is not aloud, we are whispering it.



For Square Dealing and Best Prices on all

Grain, Coal and Seeds

TRY

The - Hicksville - Grain - Company

HICKSVILLE, OHIO



Patronage a Place Receives

Is the best index to the satisfaction it gives.

Bring Your Grain to Us

BEAR : GRAIN : CO.

HICKSVILLE,

OHIO

The American Kandy Kitchen

Home Made Ice Cream 365 Days a Year

Fountain Open Winter and Summer

OF RO

PURE HOME MADE

OK. KO

F. C. BUCK

Hicksville,

Ohio

As to class stones, we suggest

Freshman—Emerald.

Sophomore-Sand stone.

Juniors-Grind stone.

Seniors—Tomb stone.

Teacher—If you stand on your head the blood will all run to your head. Why is it that it does not run to your feet when you stand on them?

Johnny (after a long silence)—I know, it's because your feet aren't empty.

Gladis W.—Give me some of that sandpaper.

Howard S.—What for, elbows or knees?

Economy.

"What! You want to charge me sixty dollars for this suit? Why, you sold Percy VanBroke one just like it for forty-five."

"That's very true, but Mr. Van Broke never pays his bills, and I always give him a low price so I won't lose so much."

"How much vas dose collars?"

"Two for a quarter."

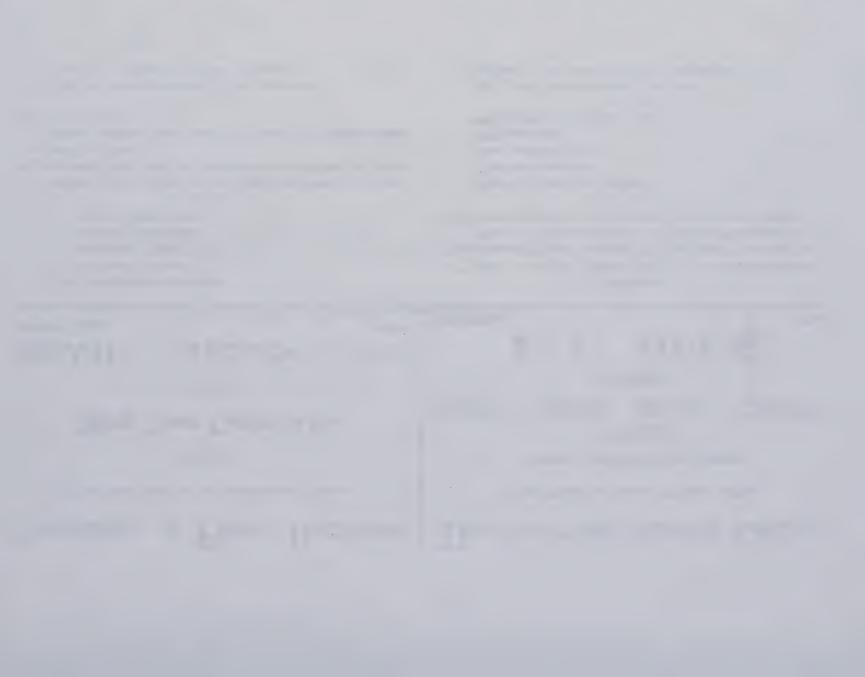
"How much for vun ""

"Fifteen cents."

"Well, giff me de odder vun."

Cecil, what is that sear on your chin?"

"That scar? Oh, that's a relic of barberism."



Emerson Shoes, honest all through, for Men

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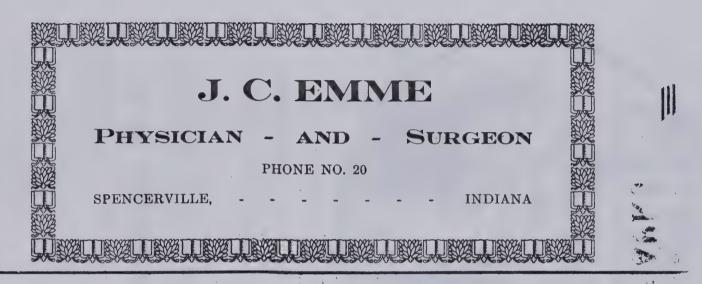
Selby Shoes for Ladies

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The Closed Circle.

Young Girl—"Yes, I feel an intense longing to do something for others."

Friend-"Whom do you mean by 'others?"

Young Girl-"Well, almost any one outside of my immediate family."

Bachelor: I once wooed a lass.
Married Man: I once wooed; alas!

Snow, snow, Beautiful snow, Slip on a piece And away you go.

Heard in History Class

No. 1: "What made the tower of Pisa lean?"
No. 2: "Why-er-it was built in the time of famine."

1st Sophomore: I smell cabbage burning.

2nd Sophomore: Oh, it's only a Freshman with his head on the radiator.

The extremes of human life:
Popping the question.
Questioning the pop.

Miss Strout remarked that we get the brown taste in coffee from roasting it.



There is safely 8

CLAKIS



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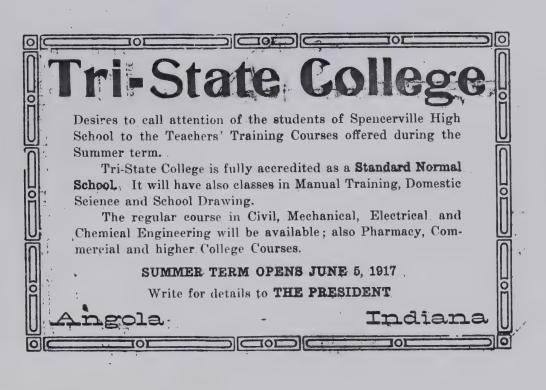
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